# THE LIVING AGE

## The World in Review

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F. D. R. Declines To Run
*By Ray Tucker*


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|---|---|
| Twilight of Social Systems | *Charles A. Beard* |
| Women Reform India | *Madame Kamaladevi* |
| Cartoonist's Job in War Time | *David Low* |
| Prussia Not Hitler Must Perish | *Hilaire Belloc* |
| Madame Minister | *Lucy Cores* |
| Powder-Keg Under Russia | *R. S.* |
| Note on Finland | *Frank P. S. Glassey* |
| New Deal in Venezuela | *Juan Saturno Canelōn* |

*The World Over—Letters and the Arts—Notes and Comments*


6 a Year *January 1940* 50c a Copy

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# THE GUIDE POST

IN AN auto-obituary which *The Living Age* published in December 1936, David Low, outstanding cartoonist, eulogizes David Low as follows: 'His usefulness lay in being a nuisance dedicated to sanity. Accordingly, he pleaded for realism in place of the idealistic nonsense of nationalistic patriotism, when world-reconstruction was discussed. Responsible statesmen, however, failed to take his advice, with consequences which are now history. He vigorously advocates happiness and prosperity. He is reported to have stated recently that in his opinion the ideal form of Government would be a benevolent despotism with himself as the despot.' [p. 408]

THE reappointment at this time of Charles Beard, dean of American historians, and still something of a rebel, to the faculty of Columbia University, caused many people to recall the circumstances of his resignation from that seat of learning in 1917. Beard's lifelong devotion to the principle of academic freedom has been the leitmotiv of his entire career. The scope of his writing covers English, European and American history, American government and politics and other related subjects. His article on page 410 was published in the *Journal of Social Philosophy*—a quarterly 'devoted to a philosophic synthesis of the Social Sciences,' issued at the College of the City of New York.

MADAME KAMALADEVI CHATTOPODHYAYA (known to Americans as just Kamaladevi), author of 'Women Reform India,' [p. 418] is one of India's most progressive women leaders; she is at present lecturing in this country. She is a member of the executive committee of the Indian National Congress. Her splendid record ranges from rural rehabilitation work to the fight against child marriages and every other

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## THE GUIDE POST

*(Continued)*

struggle designed to improve the status of women in India. A staunch supporter of Congress Party politics, she was instrumental in getting the Congress to change its goal from dominion status to complete independence.

JUAN SATURNO CANELÓN is a Venezuelan educator who has been teaching at the University of Chile for about three years. The article, 'New Deal in Venezuela,' contains observations made during a recent stay in his native land. [p. 423]

THE author of 'Russia Covets the Baltic,' Wolfram Gottlieb, is a Latvian, the representative in London of *Briva Zeme,* the official organ of the Latvian Government, and also of a Lithuanian newspaper. The background material which his article supplies is essential to an understanding of the present game of diplomatic hide-and-seek being played in Eastern Europe.

FRANK P. S. GLASSEY knows Finland intimately. In 'Note on Finland' [p. 434] he presents a picture gleaned as American Vice-Consul in that country for more than three years. Later he became American Vice-Consul in Czecho-Slovakia. At present he is in the foreign department of the United Press.

MANUEL UGARTE is a well-known Argentinian novelist and also one of the keenest of Latin America's political observers. [p. 438]

ADELE SCHREIBER went to Iceland for the Basel *National-Zeitung,* and came back with a series of colorful travel articles about neglected spots on this beautiful island. 'Spectacle in Iceland' [p. 440] is part of her verbal landscape.

HILAIRE BELLOC is as well known in this

*(Continued)*

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# THE LIVING AGE

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# THE LIVING AGE

*Founded by* E. Littell

In 1844

*January 1940* *Volume 357, Number 4480*


# The World Over

IT MAY be somewhat alarming but it certainly is not alarmist to say that the Soviet invasion of Finland brings the United States measurably closer to some degree of intervention in the European war. The country, Mr. Gallup to the contrary, is probably 99.44 per cent against intervention, but it is the height of ostrichism to believe this country will keep out of the war merely by reiterating our passionate desire to have no part of it.

Political and military crystal-gazers have not fared very well in these first four months of the war, but the opinion of a respectable majority of them that Finland is only the initial objective in an invasion of the entire Scandinavian Peninsula has logic behind it. In the first place, certainly the Kremlin has not ordered a difficult and costly attack along an 800-mile front solely to make Leningrad less vulnerable to attack. And if so, attack from whom? Presumably not Germany, if the Berlin-Moscow non-aggression pact of last August means anything, or from England at this time, for whom war on the Soviet Union would present insuperable problems. Thus, the reasoning that Finland is the first step in a Scandinavian occupation, doubtless planned in collaboration with Germany, is the almost inevitable deduction to draw from the political and military realities of the moment.

We may now ask, what is the reason behind any such expensive Russo-German penetration? The furore, much of it rankly sentimental and more of it newspaper 'human interest' hokum, over the attempted rape of Finland has acted to divert consideration of the motives and the objectives of this latest thrust. (That the attack on Finland is inexcusable, few


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outside the Soviet Union will deny; the point is that it certainly must be regarded as a means to a much vaster end than domination of that Baltic nation.) It now has been demonstrated clearly enough that Stalin has reverted to Trotski's conception of the Marxist world revolution, and also that eventually he expects an exhausted and starving Germany to embrace Communism. But a little military persuasion may be needed, which would be more effective coming from the north than from the frontiers of the Soviet Union proper. Of more importance, Stalin must be prepared strategically and geographically for any possible alignment of the Western democracies against the U.S.S.R., which within less than a month has become a commonplace prediction in London and Paris. The Soviet Union, be it noted, has but one ice-free port, Murmansk. Norwegian coastal bases would put that Power on the Atlantic with numerous all-year harbors and, incidentally, bring her bombers within less than 300 miles of Scotland. Control of the Kattegat, moreover, would make the Baltic an inland lake, invulnerable to naval attack.

The threat to the effective operations of the British Navy, offensive and defensive, in a Russian or Russo-German occupation or domination of Scandinavia is too obvious for the comfort of thoughtful Americans. It has long been axiomatic that our first line of defence, whether we like it or not, is the British Navy, a truism that was reiterated only a few months ago by Lord Lothian before his appointment as Ambassador to the United States.

At first examination, a thrust at Finland by Stalin may seem of no tangible concern to the safety of the United States, in no way affecting the likelihood of our intervention, economic or military. A little less superficial examination discloses the fallacy of that conclusion. If the British navy can be rendered impotent by a combined Russo-German collaboration, and their weight thrown against the British Isles, in effect the war is in our front yard. Newspaper treatment of the $10,000,000 credits to Finland, extended by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, implied that the motive sprang from sympathy and admiration. The correct and realistic view is that in that loan we merely appropriated that sum for national defence.

### *All A Mistake*

IN RECENT weeks German authorities have staged another kind of Burning of the Books; but the wholesale destruction of works this time has had no accompaniment of orgiastic dancing and singing in the streets of Berlin and elsewhere, or delirious outcries of Aryan superiority. The fact is these bonfires have been given the torch on the quiet, and there has been apparent a good deal of bureaucratic embarrassment about it. In this case the books made to disappear comprise the anti-Communist literature, a considerable task since its quantity is appalling. But it had to be done. Hitler's sudden and tender regard for the sensibilities of Josef Stalin demanded the withdrawal from circulation of such mistaken tracts as *Jews Behind Stalin,* by Komos, *How the Russian Worker Lives,* by Keyserling, *Moscow Exposed,* by Butenko, and *Reckoning With Moscow,* by Reese. Now Berlin

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has 'reckoned' with Moscow, and all good Nazis must surely see that any such volumes as those cited are not scriptural—even if they have been in popular circulation for six years—but merely indiscreet exhuberance of the Nazi young.

*Danger in the Americas*

AND IN THE United States, citizens all over the land watch with pain the lesson in futility spelled out by the senseless slaughter in many parts of the world. Observers recognize the danger to our own peace that daily grows more imminent. Now, if ever, is knowledge of world history and world politics a vital factor in preserving our own integrity, perhaps our existence as a free nation.

The pull toward catastrophe comes from two main directions. No one can ignore the fact that Latin-America's attitude directly affects us. The action of Rodolf Freyre of the Argentine, in demanding Russia's expulsion from the League of Nations, will not soon be forgotten by the Kremlin.

Once before we faced embattled European nations in defense of our southern neighbors. Then the Holy Alliance of Russia, Prussia and Austria was one of the most powerful blocs of military force ever assembled. But it came too soon, for science had not yet devised means of mobility to endanger seriously to nations far removed either by land or sea. The attitude of the United States (culminating in the enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine) effectively stopped the Holy Alliance.

Since that time, the military evolutions of Clausewitz, Napoleon and Lee, coupled with the forces of science, have made our words less important. In addition to historical developments, a political situation has arisen that must give us pause. The South American nations have created a dilemma. Opposed to Hitler and Stalin on nationalistic grounds, they have at the same time begun agitation to oust the Allies and their friends from their possessions and investments on the South American continent. If we were to regard only our Pan-American treaties and conferences, this situation would place us in the dangerous position of embroilment with nearly all of Europe.

Out across the Pacific lies another danger, the Japanese-Chinese-Russian triangle. Large numbers of Americans are clamoring for a boycott against Japan to implement the destruction of the Japanese-American trade treaty. These vocal Americans seem unaware of the serious implications of such a step. Former American Ambassador to Japan, William Richards Castle, Jr., now insists that a boycott against Japan is almost certain to lead to war. He pointed out in a recent radio address that the lesson of history is clear on this point, and that in the past a boycott of one government by another has invariably led to armed conflict.

Opponents of the boycott have pointed out further (and with logic) that a boycott of Japan at this time could not possibly help China. It probably would have proved effective when Japan first marched into Manchuria, but it will be recalled that Britain then would not support the United States readiness for joint action. Now that situation has dissolved in the world disjointment, and cannot

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be revived. Looking at the picture realistically, rather than emotionally, one cannot help seeing that a boycott against Japan would drive her into the arms of Soviet Russia, and that between them they would dismember China while we helplessly watched that partition.

Friends of the boycott plan, on the other hand, claim that failure by the United States to act now will drive China into the Russian orbit. But that has already happened, in large measure. It appears that we may have to risk a closer collaboration of China with Russia, at least for the time being.

In any event, thinking people in this country are insisting that war will solve none of these problems, whether in Europe or in Asia.

Experience has taught us that lesson, if it has not taught it to Europe. An examination of the world situation sets out one fact in bold relief: the United States must keep out of war if the eternal things that men have cherished through the ages are to survive anywhere in the world, if liberty, democracy and human integrity are not to pass into limbo.

In any event, we are sufficiently mature as a nation to devise means not only 'short of war' but also short of the seeds of war, to solve our national problems.

*There's No War*

THE PROPAGANDA Ministry in Berlin has forbidden Czech editors to use the word 'war,' and by degrees that prohibition is being extended to German editors. Nor can the dodge 'state of war' be employed. The technique of German domestic propaganda is widely regarded as unexcelled, and it may be educational for us to consider any devices emanating from Dr. Goebbels. Evidently the present conflict is not to be presented as a 'war' to the German and the Czech peoples, at least in the accepted dictionary sense; the German military and naval effort of the day is merely that of combatting an Anglo-French threat of invasion, another of those things the absurd Poles attempted last September.

Certain 'don'ts,' if they may be described so mildly, affect only Czech editors. For example, they cannot use 'Czecho-Slovak,' as noun or adjective, but if some reference to the past is unavoidable they may employ a cryptic 'C.S.' They may not make reference to national events which carry any inviduous overtones to the Reich. The title or rank of past leaders in Bohemia and Moravia must not be mentioned—thus it is 'Masaryk' or 'Benes.' None of these former leaders may be pictured in uniform. The movements abroad of exiled Czech leaders must not be dignified by type, unless such news comes from the official agency. A commandment of particular interest is that forbidding excessive publicity to any individual, even one prominent in sports. Czech editors, moreover, must not consider the movements or arrests of the Gestapo as newsworthy.

Under these restrictions, writes the *Pariser Tageszeitung,* newspaper readers are becoming increasingly hard to find within the Protectorate. Conceivably that is what the Führer wants, and perhaps in time he may substitute town-criers, complete with truncheon and automatics, for the one-time function of newspapers. But

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newspaper history overflows with illustrations that amply demonstrate that where the press is not free, over-the-fence 'news' and backstairs gossip become far more inflammable than any tales in a free press.

The Czechs may be led to suppose that there is no war, to judge by their newspapers today, but eventually they will demand a reason for dwindling wages, rising prices and curtailed supplies of food.

### *Rice and Soldiers*

WHILE THE United States is attempting to solve the phenomenon of want amid plenty, Japan is faced with the problem in reverse: a serious rice shortage, lack of labor and unprecedented prosperity among workers and farmers alike.

Of course, Japan's dilemma is due to the war in China, which has drained the Island Empire of a million and a half men or more for the Army. But it was not until comparatively recently that the farming districts were affected by the General Mobilization Law. The seasonal character of all agricultural processes in Japan has always created a tradition of substituting female for male labor, and the farmer's wife and daughter have always been farmers, actual or potential. Consequently, as the war developed, and the drain of male labor proceeded, women quite naturally stepped in to take the place of the absent men.

Now news comes from Japan that the summer drought has caused serious damage to the rice crop in the southern areas. The harvest returns show that, although crops are above famine condition, the scarcity is sufficiently widespread to cause serious alarm. As winter struck Japan, meantime, there was news of the dog-bites-man type with the announcement that General Nishio, commander-in-chief of the Japanese armies in China, had shipped 80,000 bushels of rice from the Asiatic mainland to the Japanese people, prompted by the fact that the Japanese soldiers at the front actually were worrying about the plight of the home-folks in the drought-stricken districts.

With the farmers of Japan jingling more money today in their change-pouches than ever before, and with the workers earning boom-time wages, there is presented the curious reversal of prevailing conditions in the United States, with the demand for food, the money to buy it and yet the curtailment of the very staff of Japanese life. In the last ten years Japan consumer about 1,000,000 bushels of rice a day and last year's consumption was sent up to 4,000,000 bushels by war prosperity. Direst threat of all to prosperous Japanese would seem to be curtailment of rice for brewing, 70,000,000 bushels having been consumed for that purpose last year.

### *That Myth Again*

CERTAIN Republicans have urged recently that the G.O.P. this Presidential year shy away from mention of foreign affairs in the campaign, or our part generally in the international picture. The argument is that the bulk of Americans are not interested in foreign affairs, and even not particularly aroused by the war in Europe.

Senator Borah was quick to snub these advisers. The argument interests us a great deal for it is an egregious misconception that should be

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plain even to those political 'experts' who make a career of holding the public pulse and keeping an ear to the ground. Although no one, of course, can estimate precisely how many of us have more than a passing interest in foreign affairs, there are certain criteria which give us valid indications of public taste and distaste. The most responsive measuring-rods are the newspapers and the radio.

Press association men tell us that a decade ago a story of 'average' importance originating in Paris, say, would make Page 1 in New York City, perhaps Page 3 in Chicago, and if it made type at all on the Coast would find itself in the forest of Obituaries and Help Wanted. Since then, news-editors will tell you that their readers' interest in foreign news has so increased that it may be said today that, in an 'average' twenty-four hours, a news-story regarded in Paris worthy of cable or wireless transmission makes Page 1 right across the nation. Indeed, that interest has become so urgent that occasional American practice is for correspondents to telephone their dispatches to New York, precisely as does the legman at police headquarters. The radio has had the same experience. The constant demand is for more foreign news. Every week the toll-bills rocket because of additional broadcasts from Europe.

It may be objected that this is merely a 'seasonal' interest due to the hostilities, and it is obviously true that the war has heightened interest in hour-to-hour developments. But to argue that this war is the genesis of current interest in the international scene is the part of ignorance. Scarcely a week passes that some new organization is not established, devoted to one or another aspect of our relations with other nations. The membership figures of the Foreign Policy Association, with various branches dotting the country in communities large and small, are illustrative: in 1931 it was 12,000 as against 18,000 today, or a one-third increase in eight years. And we might modestly add that *The Living Age,* designed by its founders to inform intelligent Americans 'of the conditions and changes of foreign countries,' found an audience of robust size as long ago as 1844.

The fundamental reason for this ever-widening interest is that Americans are increasingly aware that our economic welfare is linked in a very narrow and intimate way with events overseas. This has been true for at least half the years of the present century, despite some appallingly uninformed oratory along lines of splendid isolationism. Now it becomes apparent that not only is our economic welfare in some substantial degree dependent upon our trade overseas, but that anyone genuinely interested in the preservation of our political system must be concerned in the attacks upon the nations employing the same system in Europe.

### *Brazil Buys Brazil*

AT A TIME WHEN United States' commerce is curbed in Europe, and traders turn anxious eyes to other markets, particularly South America, there arises an interesting new condition in Brazil—a spontaneous Brazilian economic nationalism. This can bode little good from the American traders' viewpoint despite the fact that while the United States exports about $35,000,000

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worth of goods to that potentially huge South American market, trade for the past many years has averaged about $40,000,000 in favor of Brazil, which exports $75,000,000 worth of goods, mostly coffee, to the United States.

The curious part of the Brazilian economic nationalism, according to Benedito Silva, writing in the magazine *Brazil,* organ of the American-Brazilian Association of New York, is that it is not the result of a campaign to 'Buy Brazil,' a deliberate policy of the Brazilian Government, or even a pressure exercised by Brazilian public opinion to patronize their own industry. Rather, it has been an unnoticed economic phenomenon which came about by itself and is therefore all the more powerful. For long there existed in Brazil a general preference for articles of foreign manufacture, a preference that was almost a fetish, so that certain branches of the light industries were forced until recently to use the subterfuge of such false inscriptions as 'Made in the U.S.A.,' 'Made in Japan' or 'Made in England.'

However, all that is changing. Even in the ports as well as the principal cities near the coast, most of the manufactured products which today supply the interior markets of Brazil are produced at home, and the ill-reputed 'Made in Brazil' can be found on almost all manufactured products. There are no more outright objections to this label, although the Brazilian consumer has not as yet changed his opinion about the supposed superiority of the foreign manufactured articles.

To show to what extent Brazilian factories are satisfying the demand of interior markets, it is sufficient to point out that actually more than 90 per cent of all the merchandise sold in the shops and stores of Rio de Janeiro, including the five-and-ten stores, are 'Made in Brazil.'

### *Gestapo über Alles*

TO REVERT BRIEFLY to the Gestapo, it appears that a super-Gestapo (the *Volksmeldedienst,* in effect a sort of national stool-pigeons' corps,) has been organized in the Reich to report the least symptoms of defeatism and dissatisfaction, and to select the right punishment therefor. In describing this special gum-shoe corps, the *Berlingske Tidende* of Copenhagen states that the genesis of the organization, headed by an S.S. leader (Reinhard Heydrich), lay in the dissatisfaction prevalent in top Nazi levels. Dissatisfaction in such elevated circles, and in a society physically so close to the Führer, must make Herr Hitler's sleep a restive one. There have been six attempts on his life, according to the New York *Times,* and a seventh and successful one, springing from such 'dissatisfaction' in his immediate family, is far from a preposterous conjecture.

Britain has made it plain, in company with France, that so long as Hitler heads the German people there will be no peace. The temptation to stage another Munich bomb explosion must be in the forefront of some German minds—and not necessarily deranged ones. That Hitler realized the force of that temptation was plain when, at the outset of war, he appointed Marshal Göring his successor 'if anything should happen to me.'

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# Cartoonist's Job in Wartime

*By* DAVID LOW

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

IN ONE way war makes a cartoonist's work simple because there is only one subject, though if one is conscientious, there are, of course, many angles of it to deal with. There is nothing more boring, I think, than constant repetition of the point that the enemy is a fool and a blackguard and that our brave boys will kick his pants.

People know it is not so simple as all that, and they want to know how, why, and when, which means that cartoonists have to be students and when they have to work ahead they have also to be prophets, and to be a prophet these days is no joke. Today I have been doing a cartoon which is to appear in a foreign newspaper one month hence. Normally one can say fairly well what the features of the international landscape that will 'stay put,' so to speak, will be; but how would you like to guess what the situation is going to be one month hence in these times? If Hitler doesn't do what I think he is going to do, I shall have to eat that cartoon. I may say that I have taken long chances on that fellow and haven't had to eat one yet. Perhaps it's because we're both artists.

There used to be a technique for drawing war cartoons. You drew pictures of British lions, Russian bears and German eagles striking attitudes and saying things like, 'Bravo, little Belgium!' or 'This must not go on, Sir!' to each other. But this is all so foreign to the spirit of today as to seem like fairy-tale stuff. The British lion and what-not are nothing but a lot of obsolete rot. And the same may be said of the cartoon figures of Britannia, Germania and all of those statuesque females in Greek nightgowns who symbolized the imperialisms of our fathers. That is, unless you hold that the present war is one between rival imperialisms, in which case I should disagree with you. R.I.P. to all the Britannia stodge, I say. And that includes John Bull, that symbol of smug and narrow patriotism too, who bears no resemblance, inside or out, to the modern, educated, fit Briton.

If you believe, as I do, that human personalities are the appropriate symbols of the policies they represent, the personalities involved in the war are not a bad bunch to draw. The principal boy, so to speak—Hitler—is not, however, the best of his side. If I had been asked to choose a picturesque war-lord I should have had a big dark scowling one. Hitler has the will to be picturesque, he works at it, but whatever you do with his face, his physiognomy is essentially weak to draw. It's probably because he is a mixed type—unlike the purely Nordic of Göring, or the Mediter-

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ranean of Goebbels. One of my chief difficulties with Hitler is that when I have to send cartoons by radiogram to foreign countries, as I have lately, the transmission process cannot pick up all the fine lines Hitler's eyes are drawn in, and the pictures arrive at the other end with the eyes lost on the way. Goebbels, on the other hand, is good to draw. Dark, sharp, concentrated lines. As a citizen of the world I should not think it an improvement, but as a cartoonist I don't mind how soon Goebbels purges his friends and makes himself Public Enemy No. 1.

Now I am going to my studio to draw. The conditions are not too happy. One of my troubles in these black-out days is light. My studio is all glass on one side, but the light is dimmed by sheets of transparent paper stuck on to prevent my becoming a human pin-cushion if I happen to be there when a bomb drops in. That in itself has its humor.

At a time like this there is no dearth of material. The indignation generated at the spectacle of man's inhumanity to man always provokes a copious expression among cartoonists, just as the sight of a large man kicking a child might provoke you to copious speech. Although it may sound sententious, the defense of the decencies of life is part of a cartoonist's business, too—that, and deflating the flocks of humbugs, hypocrites and incompetents that seem always to grow and flourish like the green bay tree in time of war.

That's the more serious side of cartooning. Then there's the lighter side. The surprise changes and contrasts from yesterday to today, however serious their significance, have their lighter aspects. Everybody walking around with their little gas-mask boxes on their shoulders; people with luminous paint metals on their hats in the blackout; travelers sitting in trains in the dark staring at each other with cats' eyes; sedate suburbanites hopping out of bed and banging into holes in the ground at the sound of the siren's song; the statue of Charles the First buried in sandbags in Trafalgar Square.

Part of the cartoonist's social function (but not all of it) is to be a clown, which is just as it should be at a time like this. The strength of the British people is that it can see the joke and purge itself of bitterness in so doing. That, to me, as a professional satirist and a student of humanity, is a test of the greatness of a people.

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Dean of American historians sees us doubting even our own certainties

# Twilight of Social Systems

*By* CHARLES A. BEARD

THE exponents of all systems of thought, including under that head all social philosophies, are now troubled by doubts. If they are still convinced that they have the truth, they nowhere find practice conforming to their theory with pleasing exactitude. Broad and sweeping as these generalizations are, I believe that they fairly represent the intellectual state of Western civilization and the posture of objective realities in politics, economics and human conduct.

In a way, of course, the situation in which we find ourselves is by no means entirely novel. Skepticism and sophism have beset mankind with a high degree of constancy since the dawn of thought and systems of thought. The conflict between the ideal and the real, as Meinecke remarked long ago, has filled the history of centuries with tragedy. Aristotles and Senecas have been scattered profusely through the ages. Even in the nineteenth century, John Stuart Mill had his John Ruskin, and Karl Marx had his Alfredo Pareto. But at the close of that 'wonderful century' the pervading spirit of the West was optimism; despite the gloomy carping of Herbert Spencer, the economists of capitalism were on the whole rather well satisfied with themselves and the prospects before them. And, on the other hand, Marxians were unshakable in the faith that they were on the right track and that things would turn out their way. Nor did Catholic exponents of the logical faith, though saddened or made angry by the march of liberalism and secularism, announce that the conquest of the world by the Church Militant had been after all an idle dream. The note of the times was a note of assurance.

The note of our times is the note of questioning; if not a questioning of the faith, then at least of the possibility of subduing practice to the rules of the faith. It is true that many still speak bravely of recovery, or of returning to the good old days,

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or of the coming triumph of the proletariat, but the literature of each faction betrays corroding uncertainties, and the squabbles within factions disclose fissures in the verbal unities. This is not to say that any of the systems is on the point of unconditional surrender, but that all of them are having domestic difficulties.

Let us take first the system of nature, the system of natural rights, which rose to a high pitch of enthusiasm and expectancy by the middle of the nineteenth century and could point to a large body of consistent practices. In theory and practice the range of this school was immense. Its assumptions and ideas penetrated all departments of thought, even biology; for Darwin got his germinal idea from Malthus. Its assumptions and ideas found expression in constitutions, statutes, and judicial decisions. For example, the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment was written by a passionate exponent of natural rights, John A. Bingham; and for a long time judicial decisions under that provision enforced the good old rule of 'anarchy plus the police constable.' While Justice Holmes declared that the Fourteenth Amendment did not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Social Statics,* he was for years a mere dissenter.

To the broad system of natural rights, the practices of statesmen conformed in many places and in many relations, and in various respects they still do. Intransigent free traders seem to be few in number now, but probably a majority of the academic economists in the United States still believe in a 'natural' system of international exchange and imagine that things would be better, if not all right, were the nations of the earth suddenly to lower their 'trade barriers.' Despite the charges of collectivism hurled at the New Deal, the leading advisers of President Roosevelt apparently have believed all along that the system of 'natural' competition would bring prosperity, if certain speculative practices and specific abuses were forbidden by statute or administrative order.

For readers familiar with the history of the past two hundred years, no additional illustrations are necessary. The system of natural rights has powerfully affected thought and practice in the Western world and is still powerfully represented in both fields. Yet its empire is disintegrating. Its dominion has been and is being curtailed. In every quarter its assumptions and ideas are being challenged by both theory and practice. Nowhere, save perhaps in obscure corners, is a thick-and-thin defender of the system to be found. Over its details and implications devotees engage in endless and unseemly wrangling. In the presence of the items of practice, they are divided. Olympian certitude has exploded.

A SIMILAR fate has befallen Marxism, itself a kind of offshoot from the system of nature. Like the latter, it too was long a mere theory, prophesying practice but unrepresented by practice. Its exponents, no doubt, quarrelled violently over the true milk of the word and over the correct exegesis, but as against other systems they preserved a fair degree of unity—while in the opposition. And Marxism also has exerted a powerful influence on theory and practice. As in the case

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of natural rights, it has penetrated all departments of thought, including mathematics, and has affected practice, positively and negatively. Its first great triumph was in Russia in 1917, and in fierce jubilation Marxism celebrated the coming triumph throughout the world. For a time all seemed to work in Russia according to the prognosis, and exponents redoubled their confidence in their certitude.

Then something happened to the time-schedule. Marxists in faith fell out among themselves over the correct line and over forms of practice under their immediate control. The breakdown and utter collapse of Communism in Germany, Italy, and other places, the violent split in Russia, the fierce conflicts of tongue and fist between the school of Stalin and the school of Trotski, the rush of Stalinists in the United States to prove that they were as American as George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, all conspired to shatter monolithic Marxist theory and practice. Despite brave pamphlets and bold speech emanating from splinters and fragments, Marxists are utterly bewildered in the presence of practical issues —tactics; and they are questioning the validity of a system of thought that cannot give them unequivocal directions for correct actions. In fact, the controversies between Communists are as bitter as the long-standing dispute between Communists and Social Democrats. No more than in the case of the system of nature has the world gone to suit the exponents of Marxism.

Of the systems lying between natural liberty and Marxism, or outside as modifications, it is scarcely necessary to speak. They have all been affected by the upheaval of recent years. There was a time, for example, when an apostle of Henry George could say: 'Change a single line in the statute books and you will bring prosperity to American farms and factories.' I heard this said about thirty years ago. The speaker still lives but he no longer recites that line. It is doubtful whether many followers of Henry George would have the hardihood or the invincible faith necessary to offer the single tax as the one sure way to peace and prosperity now, at least without suffering some qualms of conscience.

ONLY the system of Fascism has the appearance of confidence and certitude, but it is scarcely a system. True enough, hundreds of volumes have been written in Germany and Italy in efforts to give the appearances of philosophy to a series of acts and verbal declarations. In essence, however, Fascism is a combination of personal tyranny, state socialism, great capitalism, militarism and war. Besides, Fascism is young, and through control over the agencies of thought it has up to the present succeeded in suppressing domestic criticism of its own proclamations. By following the methods of Bolshevist expediency, it generally avoids contradictions between theory and practice by declaring any practices in keeping with the theory.

Probably there are many doubts in Italy and Germany; what will happen to unity and certitude when Hitler and Mussolini, as mortal men, pass from the scene can only be dimly guessed; what they may bring down upon their own heads before they have given up the ghost is likewise prob-

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lematical. But given the eclectic nature of their thought, the local colorism of their ideas, and the fragile character of their structure of power, the possibility that their aggregation of phrases and practices will harden into a system seems to be slight at best.

In any event the future of Fascism is uncertain. It may develop into something universal for export and have a long run, like the system of nature and Marxism. That much may be conceded. Yet for the moment it does not seem to be making gains as a scheme of thought; nor as practice does it sweep like wildfire through any other countries experienced in self-government. Such vogue as it enjoys in other nations is doubtless due to fear of something else rather than belief in or affection for a Fascist utopia.

The process by which the several types of social philosophy have arrived at the stage of doubt and trouble is long and complicated. A comprehensive treatment of that process would require re-writing the history of Western civilization during the past three hundred years. Some features of the process are, however, familiar to all persons even tolerably well acquainted with that history. One feature is the conflicts that have taken place between exponents of the several types. Although many of these exponents are obtuse and impervious to unpleasant thought, others have intelligence and can see something in the systems they assail. Thus a certain modification of views occurs as a result of conflicts. An interpenetration comes about, which mitigates the severity, dogmatism and certitude of each.

Another feature of the dissolvent process is the use of and unfolding of thought in each camp of exponents. The revision of Marxism is a case in point. Marxists themselves had begun it long before Stalin deposed and exiled Trotski. The revision of the system of natural liberty began even before the system had come to full flower, and Veblen exploded the works before the nineteenth century came to a close.

A third feature of the dissolvent process has been the impacts of brute experience, that is, the revisions or revolutions of practice. There are to be sure, many shivering and gibbering ghosts of the past that still recite old phrases: *laissez faire* and free trade will save us, or the proletarian revolution will be followed by the spring into freedom. But the stark realities of British, American, and Russian practice operate as dissolving forces in all minds save those that are case-hardened or are enclosed in ivory towers. And the practices and plight of the Fascist nations at least suggest caution to all sober persons who might be inclined to jump from the frying pan into the fire.

THAT the dissolution of the several social philosophies is no temporary phenomenon, to be followed by a complete rehabilitation, seems to be indicated by all that we know of history. History does not repeat itself. Nothing is more false that the phrases: history repeats itself and the more things change the more they remain the same. The state of the world at no time between 800 A. D. and 1939 corresponded to the state of the world at any previous date or period of history. If we know anything at all,

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we know that it is impossible to restore today the state of society, economy, thought and feelings that existed in 1928, 1913, 1895, or any other previous year that may be mentioned. If this is true, and it does seem to be, then the probability of 'restoring' any social philosophy to its former position of certitude and dogmatism is so slight as to be unworthy of consideration or effort. England of 1660 was not England of 1603, despite Macaulay's apologetics. France of 1815 was not France of 1789. Nor would a victory of the Republican Party in the United States in 1940 restore the economy, thought, feelings and legislation to the state prevailing in 1928. The past is closed. It cannot be recovered, even in memory or historical treatises or in the most subtle shadings of fiction. Only the future remains before us, however hard we struggle to 'stumble forward into the past.'

If the foregoing considerations are true, that is, correspond to relevant facts in the case and are supported by a consensus of competence, then a number of suggestions seem pertinent to the situation in which we find ourselves. All the systems of social philosophy presented to us are shaken and riven by theory and practice. We are, therefore, in a crisis of thought as well as economy and politics—domestic and world. The business of rehabilitating any of the competing systems of social thought and restoring its former power and prestige is beyond our powers. If it were logically possible, the state of practice would break rudely in upon its factitious unity and certitude. This is not to say that any or all of our inherited systems are 'wrong,' or that they have lost all meaning or validity for our thought and our practice. But it suggests an intimation that something new is required by the exigencies of our situation, assuming that intellectual activities will not stop or sink into impotence and that society will not dissolve as did the Roman empire in its last days.

It may be expected, although it cannot be proved, that some powerful mind will arise in time and make a new social synthesis on the basis of what has happened to thought and practice in our own time. Such a synthesis will not discard all that has been thought out and incorporated in previous systems. But the form that it will take we do not know. If we did, any one of us could produce it by describing it, as we can describe the synthesis of Hobbes, Rousseau, or Marx. We are merely aware of the dissolving processes at work in acquired theory and practice and, on the assumption that constructive faculties will continue to operate, we may dimly expect new systems to emerge. Various efforts at construction are already open to observation, but none of them has gained the dynamic, or drive of Rousseauism, Adam Smithism, or Marxism.

HOW can those of us unable to bend the bow and send the speeding arrow contribute, if at all, to the circumstances favorable to the coming of a creative genius in this field? Certainly little, by merely reciting the old systems or by merely criticizing them in terms of internal contradictions or conflicts with practice. Our tasks, if the discharge of them is to aid in the work of reconstruction, must take other forms.

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Several preliminary operations lie before us. First of all is a clarification of the business of constructing a social philosophy. Who are we that undertake the commission or obligation? What assumptions do we make at the outset? What is our attitude toward freedom and necessity? What limitations of time and circumstance impinge upon us? To what extent are we merely seeking to justify or revise inherited preconceptions? In drafting a general social philosophy can we wholly eliminate the care for what ought to be from the situation and consider simply what is and will be? Other questions of this order will easily occur to the reader.

Owing to the advances which have been made in social psychology and especially the sociology of knowledge, we are put on our guard against the naïve assumptions which characterized most if not all the social philosophies of the preceding centuries. We now deeply suspect our cherished intimations from the past, our omniscience, and our omnicompetence. The sophisticated among us can discover at a distance the slightest taint of a Ricardian, a Marxist, a Spencerian, or a Thomasian. Most of us can and do laugh a little bit up our sleeves. No Erasmus has yet appeared to do humorous justice to the dust-sifters and nose-scratchers, but the brethren of this huge fraternity, if caught off their guard, are likely to scamper quickly down from Olympus and admit at least some small shortcomings. Having established the habit of testing all things, we are in a better position to make a fresh beginning and to watch our steps as we proceed.

If the process of clarification proceeds far enough, I am inclined to the opinion that we shall give up the idea of writing any social philosophy along the lines followed in the construction of our inherited systems. I am about convinced that the old road has reached a dead end, that we shall have to make a revolution in our assumptions and modes of procedure. For practical purposes all our great systems have tried or pretended to mirror the world of actuality, and to represent the data of social living as coming within some scheme of deterministic sequences, divine or human. To be sure, none of the authors of these systems has been able to order his data under this design in a convincing fashion and the logical armor of every system appears to be full of holes. Not even Marxism, one of the most deterministic of all systems, provides a calculus of social evolution.

For a long time after Darwin made his amazing pronouncements, historians, as Henry Adams tells us, seemed to imagine that they could disclose the secret of historical events, reduce them to order and law, and make an exact science of them. If any historian believes now in that hope, he does not shout his faith from the house tops.

In my opinion, the fatal mistake was made when, under the influence of physical science and its marvelous achievements, students of human affairs leaped to the conclusion that the data of human affairs are identical with or akin to the data of physics and that by the application of the scientific method a science of history or of society would emerge. As I see things, a large part of our troubles arises from that preliminary, and unwarranted, assumption. And on this

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ground, I believe that an indispensable step to working out an effective social philosophy will be the complete abandonment of this constricting philosophy.

A true social philosophy of this style would mirror the universe, correspond precisely to the data of the universe. It would represent the universe as deterministic or as indeterminate. In the former case we should be enslaved to a system of laws; in the latter case, we should not know what to do.

I SEE no reason for believing that the human mind can grasp and reduce to words a true social philosophy in the sense of the term used above. Efforts to write it probably will not be abandoned, but such efforts are likely to lead nowhere, except into scholastic refinements and wishful thinking under the guise of more or less sonorous phrases. Nor do I think that procedure along that line will do more than add to our present confusion in theory and practice. The study of past social philosophies has its utility and the thought of the future will be affected by them. But to follow similar methods and pursue similar hopes seem to me to put ourselves on the level with those minor scholastics so sagely celebrated in *The Praise of Folly*. So I propose that we abandon the idea of a scientific or deterministic social philosophy and likewise the idea of a value-free social philosophy.

I do not propose to bring any coercion, physical or moral, to bear on those who think that they can reduce or raise human affairs to the level of an exact science. I merely remark that, in my opinion, they are simply fiddling and splitting hairs. I believe that at the bottom of all social philosophies are conceptions of values, of things deemed desirable and good, and things deemed undesirable and evil. Therefore it would seem to be a primary task of any new social philosophy to admit these values, set them forth as fully and clearly as possible, and then proceed to a consideration of the probabilities, limitations, and methods of realization, employing the most rigorous scientific method in the process. This is the only procedure that my intelligence and knowledge, such as they are, will permit me to recognize as worthy of our time and energy now or likely to get us anywhere in the direction of a better ordered world than the one in which we live.

If all social philosophies rest on assumptions respecting values, contain values, and have a bearing on values, then it follows that the idea of a value-free, objective social science is an illusion. Men may and doubtless will continue to pursue it, as they have pursued illusions from time immemorial, but those who are interested in truth, that is, the correspondence of theory with things known, will abandon it and announce the abandonment. *Der Knoten, der nicht zu lösen ist, muss durchhauen werden.*

On the basis of this finding, the correct procedure in constructing a new social philosophy will be to begin with an analysis, indication, and statement of the values which are asserted as central to the whole structure of the thought. The process of selecting and formulating these values is not easy. The operation is hazardous. It endangers professional status. It will provoke to laughter or anger those who boast of their science, their hard-

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headedness, and objectivity. It involves wide knowledge of the values that have been asserted in times past by men and women, sometimes at the price of dungeon and death, and a knowledge of the values that have been worked into institutions. It calls for a wide knowledge of values in practice, of what is possible and probable in the way of realization. It involves decisions as to the time and place in which asserted values may be realized in whole or in part — decisions which require knowledge and the exercise of intuitive insight. But I do not see how this undertaking can be avoided if we are to have a truthful social philosophy, that is, one corresponding to knowledge in the present state of its development.

After the statement of values asserted comes the social philosophy. This will deal with the extent to which the posited values have already been realized and the processes by which greater realization of them may be effected.

In this operation, all the instruments of science should be employed, even knowledge of the physical sciences as well as economics and sociology broadly conceived. The potentials of technology, the natural resources available, objective social relations now existing and in process of becoming, conflicts of interests, the passions of men, their avarice and their lusts for power—all these should be studied with as much objectivity as human nature can command and with as much comprehensiveness as a finite being can attain.

The prescription thus written out is undoubtedly 'a large order,' but it seems to me that thought about social philosophy is moving in the direction indicated. A large body of literature could be marshaled in support of this view, ranging from Croce's *History: Its Theory and Practice* to Mannheim's *Ideology and Utopia*. The state of uncertainty and perplexity reigning in the very midst of the so-called objective school is proof that the old assumptions of absolute neutrality no longer satisfy the human spirit, no longer command the almost unbroken consensus of competence. So, at least, it seems to me and, after much searching with all the disinterestedness I can muster, I find myself unable to see any other turn open to social philosophy than that indicated above. Yet it may be that other planets will swing within the ken of watchers who have other angles of vision.

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A Congress leader proves that passive resistance is a powerful weapon when used with skill

# Women Reform India

*By* MADAME KAMALADEVI

THE conception the Occident has of the Indian woman is that of a timid, helpless bundle of nerves. The facts reveal a very different picture. In the first place, the Indian tradition as it deals with women is fundamentally different from Western standards. Nowhere does history in India point to a period when woman was regarded as inferior. She has been more than a 'better half'—she has been the equal and the comrade of man. Hindu philosophy interprets man and woman as matter and spirit, interdependent on each other. Woman has always symbolized Strength-Power—*Shakti,* as she has been called. When man is menaced by evil forces, she rises to destroy them, and delivers him.

Her right to any occupation or profession has been accepted. She has even the right to minister as a priest. No ritual is ever complete without man and woman worshipping together. Man is threatened with the worst of misfortunes if he so much as hurts a woman's heart. 'The home in which the woman is made to shed a tear will destroy itself'—thus speaks Hindu tradition.

Many centuries have rolled by since these simple truths were evolved. India has been swept by marauding armies. Today she is ruled by a foreign Power. All this has made its impress on India. The early bloom has been rubbed away, but her soul remains untouched. The philosophic truths on which the nation's life was built remain unshaken. Accordingly, the status and stature of the women of India are far different from those of her sisters in an Occident that is forever changing.

The Indian Women's Movement is not a sex war. There has never been any clash of interests between men and women. The truth is that the deepening consciousness among women of their interest in the country's affairs has been as heartily wel-

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comed by men as by the other sex. The women are true to the *Shakti* tradition of warding evil away from man. They have banded into a powerful organization to do their share in regenerating the people and extricating them from the morass created by repeated foreign invasions. The Women's Movement has been really part of the larger national movement, a great asset to that movement for respect for human rights and human dignity. Side by side with men, women are striving to rebuild the country.

Today men and women of all castes and creeds work together in a nation-wide organization called Harijan Sevak Sangh (Society of the Servers of the People of God). The so-called Untouchables are now called 'People of God;' untouchability and caste prejudice are fast becoming past memories. Primarily it is the zeal of the woman which has made this possible, for it is as the ruler of the home that she writes the social codes. They whom she welcomes into her sanctuary cannot be outcasts.

These women leaders of Harijan Sevak Sangh have not always had the benefit of a literary education. Our schools are far too few; they scarcely provide for 2 per cent of the 100,000,000 women in the country. But they are not ignorant, for even in infancy they lisp the great truths of life, crooned over their cradles by their mothers.

Nevertheless, they are hungry for many things of today. In their lowly huts they dream of affairs beyond their little horizon, the world into which speed the trains and the cars that pass along their highways. But the present government is apathetic to the educational needs of the country. The real test for the women came when the Nationalist Party started literacy tests to stimulate a drive for adult education. Women came in numbers even greater than men. Their faces pale with hunger, their eyes heavy with fatigue, they flocked to every center in thousands. In the scrawling letters they wrote they showed their thirst for knowledge and freedom.

They fight against obsolete customs that political and economic disorganization have permitted to endure. They find their greatest obstacle in the foreign government in India which not only refuses to take any initiative in social measures but definitely opposes any that may be introduced, on the plea of 'religious neutrality' (a neutrality that lends all its weight to the reactionaries and fights reform!). Thus a measure to restrict the age of marriage was opposed by the Government and could be carried in the teeth of its opposition only because of overwhelming popular support. At the present moment Indian women are engaged in a tussle with the Government over the divorce act. Those who rail against Indian society for certain of its unpleasant aspects ignore the reason for them: that the Government tries to torpedo every fundamental social reform.

WITH even more determination the women are fighting against the effects of poverty. Though India is a rich country, full of untold wealth and vast resources, her people are condemned to live in direst poverty, for they have no control over that wealth. It is expended by a power that diverts it into channels that do not mean

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prosperity for India. The average earning of a peasant is five cents a day—not even a 'starvation wage' in a simple land such as India. The women drudge all day in the fields, in their homes, millions of them rarely getting one good meal a day. But they are undaunted. They have grown alive to their plight. They are conscious of their rights, long denied them, and they mean to have them, and with them to establish their inherent right to some degree of tolerable existence. They are joining the unions that peasants everywhere in the country are forming to fight for better conditions. They are peaceful and disciplined, and they will not resort to violence no matter what the provocation.

Nor will the women submit to unjust taxes—they flatly refuse to pay. They are coerced, persecuted, their property confiscated, their houses locked and sealed. Often they are sent to prison to be whipped, but while they do not strike back they still do not yield. Entire families are flung into prison and the children are left to find an existence on the streets. Those who show charity to these waifs are prosecuted for no greater crime than feeding babies. When their organizations were banned and some of the women's activities forced underground, many women members served as secret messengers and, in strange disguises, eluded the guards and often, under cover of darkness, crossed from village to village. They assembled in vast crowds in defiance of orders forbidding public assemblies, faced baton assaults and even rifle fire. In consequence, the authorities in India have grown to fear women far more than men, for their ranks cannot be disrupted nor their morale corrupted. The authorities have often had to yield—taxes decried by Indian women as unjust were repealed.

They have fought the liquor traffic with equal success. When the administration would not take steps to check drink, the women formed themselves into a volunteer band, *Desh-Sevikas* (Servants of the Country). Clad in flaming saffron they posted themselves before liquor-shops, and with folded hands beseeched addicts not to enter. They were ridiculed and insulted. Whoever heard of a few zealots ending the evil of drink by begging alcoholics not to drink? That was nonsense. But each day the shops had fewer clients. Soon a few shop-owners closed their doors. They could not bear the spectacle of these women receiving insults in front of their shops, even though the authorities had made picketing illegal. The women pickets were treated roughly. They were flung into prison in such increasing numbers that the prisons overflowed.

The exasperated authorities eventually were forced to give way—partly for lack of prisons. The right of picketing was then recognized and before long the government introduced prohibition in several provinces and even in the larger cities of India.

WOMEN have dealt just as forcefully with the importation of cloth. Since spinning and weaving comprise the chief occupation of Indian women, millions of them are dependent on the textile trade of their country. This began to collapse when Indian weavers were forced to compete with machine-made foreign cloth, throwing

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them and their menfolk out of work in all parts of the country. The women formed an 'Orange Brigade' (so called because of the color of their uniforms), marched in thousands to the market and posted themselves in front of the shops of merchants dealing in imported textiles. Calm and self-possessed, palms folded in supplication, beseeching the customers not to enter, they stood their ground for days.

The skeptics shrugged their shoulders—whoever could believe a market could be made to disappear by a few lunatic women standing with joined palms? But in time the skeptics were stung by the realization that the government could not win. Manchester and Lancashire began to feel the pinch. Shops that dealt exclusively in foreign cloth began to close their doors more abruptly than had the liquor shops. The women even picketed the grocer, the barber and the laundryman of any guilty dealer. And he was socially ostracized.

A day came when no merchant could afford to accept delivery of the cloth that new ships brought into the harbor and, in a short while, dock-workers refused to unload the cloth. Millions of cottages began to hum with the sound of the spinning-wheel and the hand-loom. Faces made pale by hunger brightened. New chimneys arose to offer employment to thousands. Japan, some of whose export textile houses had to close or sell out, bid for a new trade treaty, offering to restrict and regulate her cloth consignments to India. Lancashire and Manchester sent trade delegations to plead.

But the women of India had won all along the line. They had brought food to the hungry. Such is the stuff the meek and mild Indian women are made of.

From time immemorial the people of India have enjoyed the right to manufacture salt from sea water. Stupidly, the government decided to levy a tax on salt to destroy the local industry and thus create a market for the attractive little packets the British ships brought across the seas. The local manufacture was to be a government monopoly. Salt is about the only luxury that the poor man in India enjoys. Now he was told he was to lose even this, for British industry demanded that it be converted into a luxury trade. The entire nation rose in revolt, led by women supporters of Gandhi. Once again they marched forward, wearing their flaming orange robes, and marched down to the sea, balancing their water-pots on their dark heads. Fires were lit along the sands along the entire coastline, and little pans hummed as the heat consumed the sea-water, leaving a few grains of salt behind. These grains of salt could be auctioned for a few thousand dollars—to continue the fight!

Of course, as a result, their leaders were arrested and flung into prison, but substitutes took their places. In a few days there were 200,000 women and men behind bars; housing them became an acute problem. These unlettered women formed war councils, planned schemes to run the campaign successfully from jail. Others called meetings in defiance of police orders, and argued their case with eloquence, winning more thousands of supporters. They led processions and, when stopped, calmly sat down on the road —perhaps for a day or two. Each

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morning found these thousands still squatting, waiting patiently until given the right of way. They were charged by the cavalry and treated to bullets, but they would not disperse.

Finally, the government had to yield. The right to make salt was restored. The country blessed the women.

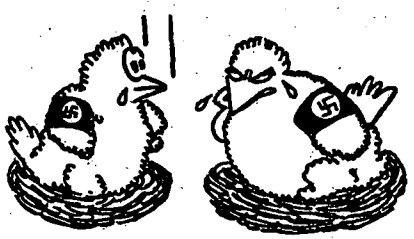
They are not altogether a lawless lot, eternally plotting red rebellion. They make good administrators. In the last general elections they played a considerable part and showed even keener political interest than the men; only 50 to 75 per cent of the eligible men went to the polls, while 75 to 90 per cent of the women exercised their right of franchise.

The vote in India is still very restricted as it is based on tax payments and on literacy. But there is no discrimination against Indian women on grounds of sex. They enjoy the same political and civic rights as men, the same opportunities to work in any field or walk of life. They abhor any privileges based on sex. They have been fighting certain stipulations in the present Indian Constitution which divide the people into different communities in accordance with their faith. Thus Hindus can only vote for a Hindu candidate, Christians only for a Christian, and Mohammedans for a Mohammedan. Divide and rule seems to be the policy of the present régime.

The women won some creditable victories in the last elections. Next to Soviet Russia, India has the largest number of women in its legislatures, a total of more than eighty. India not only has women legislators but she has a woman as Minister of Public Health. Several women work as departmental secretaries attached to ministers. They act as deputy speakers in both the legislative houses. There is a woman surgeon-general in one State. There are women professors and magistrates, and others of the sex have been past presidents of the Indian National Congress (the National Party of India).

Perhaps they represent today the attitude of a woman who says to a man, in a play by Rabindranath Tagore:—

'I am no goddess to be worshipped, nor yet the object of common pity to be brushed aside indifferently. Keep me by your side in the path of daring and of danger, allow me to share the duties of your life. Then you will know my true self.'



*Ordre*, Paris

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# New Deal in Venezuela

*By* JUAN SATURNO CANELÓN

Translated from *Frente Popular,* Chilean People's Front Daily

WITHIN the present Government of Venezuela, beside a reactionary group—remnant of the old political system of Gómez—there exists a progressive and clearly democratic wing which has carried out a fundamental change in government. Although reactionary elements still exert some influence, the Government is orientating itself further toward political and economic democracy. The fundamental thing about this transformation which is gradually being wrought is the Government's realization that strong, anti-imperialist action is necessary to lay the groundwork for a national economy. Right now a powerful movement is growing up to petition the progressive government of López Contreras to modify the existing legislation on petroleum concessions. Doubtlessly, the Government will realize the necessity of revising such concessions and adjusting them to the interests of national sovereignty.

The achievement of the López government is clearly visible in the field of agrarian reform. Amenodoro Rangel Lamus, former Minister of Agriculture, and at present Ambassador to Chile, is responsible for such reforms. He has initiated such measures as the organization of rural post offices in the different districts, the creation of free markets in Caracas and in the interior, the elimination of middlemen, and the construction of granaries. He campaigned for the intensification of the production of cotton and fruit products, extension of credits to small farmers and, above all, for the setting up of agricultural colonies. Granted that all these reforms will be carried out, a true democratization of rural life will take place in Venezuela.

The financial oligarchy has received a severe blow by the creation of a Central Bank of Issue which is entirely in the hands of the State. The centralization of credit constitutes a step in the direction of socializing Venezuelan national economy, and is a decisive move in the economic history of the country. The Venezuelan people owe a debt of gratitude to Chile, because one of the principal authors of this new monetary and banking legislation has been Dr. Max, consulting financier of the Central Bank of Chile.

Dr. Francisco Tejeras, another important Minister in the present Government, is the author of an interesting plan for the reform of public education in Venezuela. Although the reactionary bloc has boycotted this plan in Parliament, the day is not far off when its principal ideas will be incorporated in the national legislation.

Dr. Tejeras's plan involves a com-

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plete and highly rational reform of the teaching profession. An important feature of this plan is the requirement that future teachers spend a definite amount of time teaching in the interior regions so as to familiarize themselves with the character of the country.

The Venezuelan progressives expect much from the new Minister of Education, Arturo Uslar Pietri. The latter is a well-known writer, popular in all Latin America because of his book *Las Lanzas Coloradas* (Red Lances). To aid him in his work he has appointed some younger functionaries who are capable of modernizing the educational system.

Even before the present European war, Contreras's Government adopted a line of conduct which revealed its determination to solve the economic problems facing the poorly paid masses. It took measures to prevent huge profits and speculation in vital commodities. The Government created a price control commission which fixed prices for food and other necessities. It also began strictly to apply the law—promulgated during the present administration—for the distribution of profits.

The present government is characterized by its adhesion to the good-neighbor policy of President Roosevelt. During the Lima Conference, the Venezuelan delegates declared that it was their country's desire to build a great and united continental bloc in defense of American security and the democratic ideology. In face of the present European war, Venezuela is determined to remain neutral.

The Contreras Government has made a start in mending the injustices committed by the Gómez government, although it has been hampered by the reactionary oligarchy. The presence of such truly progressive men such as Rangel, Uslar and Tajeras makes impossible a retrogression to the era of persecution and repression characteristic of the previous administration. Although the revolutionary parties, such as the Democratic National and Communist parties, are still illegal, each day sees an advance in the spirit of tolerance. Already, revolutionary leaders in exile have returned. This national harmony, toward which General López Contreras is building, will win for him the full support of the people.

In the field of culture, Venezuela is undeniably backward. Neither in her colonial days nor in the days of the Republic has she produced a true popular culture. But, today, gradually and slowly, a culture is developing, and we see a people seriously striving for creative values.

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The ancient Russian *Drang nach dem* Atlantic menaces Northern countries

# Russia Covets the Baltic

*By* WOLFRAM GOTTLIEB

From *Contemporary Review,* London Topical Monthly

RUSSIA'S present dynamic policy in the Baltic is not new. It marks her return to traditional power politics. For nine centuries she has been striving toward the sea. As early as 1030 under Tsar Yaroslav and 1106 under Vseslav she made the first attempts to reach it through the land of the independent Latvian tribes. Fierce resistance forced her back. By the end of the Middle Ages she had consolidated her territorial unity and formed a strong government. The invading Mongols had been repelled and vast territories with immense riches acquired. But still the vital link with the sea and the outer world was missing. The Black Sea was held by the Turks. The White Sea was unknown. The Baltic was the only hope. But the German Hansa ruled its waves, monopolizing traffic and trade, while in Estonia and Latvia the Teutonic Order blocked Russian expansion.

In 1492 Muscovy erected the huge fortress of Ivangorod, which still dominates the Bay of Narva. This was the first step toward the sea, which Ivan the Terrible expected 'to bring his people something of that civilization which made the European states so strong.' The great tyrant was a brilliant statesman. He knew that the Western Powers had an interest in keeping Russia in her semi-barbaric isolation. But he wanted her to have artisans, artists, teachers, and most of all that devilish invention, gunpowder, without which victory was no longer possible. Like Stalin today, Ivan seized his opportunity when he saw the German power, which stood in his way, preoccupied in other directions and weakened by political machinations. He demanded commercial liberties for his subjects in the Baltic, the cancellation of the Teutonic Order's defensive treaty with Poland, and the dismissal of the *Landsknechte* who 'protected' Latvia and Estonia. A big delegation went to Moscow, bargained desperately and gave in.

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This increased Ivan's appetite. He now desired a port of his own. It was not lust of conquest. This had already been satisfied in the East. It was the g r i m realization that Russia needed immediate contact with the West. With a ruthlessness that justified his name, he invaded the Baltic lands. The port of Narva was soon in his hands. Latvia and Estonia were placed under his sovereignty. Europe seemed open. But the Swedes blockaded Narva and combined with the Poles to drive him out of the coast lands. Once again the Russian giant was forced back into his boundless plains. Fifty years of war and diplomatic gamble had been in vain. The sea was as far away as before.

A century of darkness followed. Muscovy had long to wait for the man to break a window in the wall of isolation. The pull of the sea, of distant lands and foreign culture, was an obsession with Peter the Great. First he thought only of Karelia or Ingermanland to build a port. In 1700 he marched against Narva, the old object of Russian desire, but was crushed by the Swedes. Not a gun, not a soldier was left. In a cold fury he began new preparations. Two years later he broke out again. He took one town after the other. Narva fell; at the mouth of the Neva he laid the foundations of St. Petersburg, the first Russian port. But still not sure of himself and his people, he stopped. To buy peace, to consolidate what he had achieved, he was prepared to return the Baltic territories to Sweden. All he wanted was the mouth of the Neva, where his cherished city grew, and a part of Ingermanland for which he even offered to pay an indemnity. Charles XII proudly refused. The war went on. The Russians took the rest of the Baltic States in 1710. And Muscovy who, according to Voltaire, had not had a bark of her own twenty years before, became master of the sea.

Now there was no stopping her. Catherine the Great did not hesitate to partition Poland with the Germans. In addition, she got Lithuania and the Duchy of Courland. Her empire stretched to the Prussian border. Russia grew into a European Great Power. Guns were mounted in all the Latvian and Estonian ports she had acquired, and in 1780 she induced Sweden, Denmark and Prussia to sign a convention excluding foreign warships from the Baltic. In 1857 this neutralization act was repealed. But Russia has been trying ever since to reestablish her domination, and in 1907 Nicholas II at Swinemunde attempted to persuade the Kaiser to agree to the closure of the sea to all war vessels whose home parts were elsewhere.

It was a useless precaution. The enemy was already there. The Reich lived for nothing but expansion to the East. The first stage was the transformation of the Baltic into a German lake. A powerful fleet developed. The Kiel Canal was built, and systematically William II prepared the invasion of the Baltic provinces. Their conquest was to give him not only control of Russia's main outlets and her trade with the West, but also an ideal jumping-off ground for further aggression. This was a deadly threat to Russia's very existence and one of the main reasons for her entry into the World War. Even the republican Provisional Government of 1917

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realized the enormous strategic importance of the Baltic territories, and when they agreed to Estonian, Latvian and Lithuanian autonomy, there was no question of detaching them from the Empire. When the Germans saw they could not keep the Baltic provinces, which they had occupied meanwhile, they sent Lenin and Trotski into Russia. They hoped that the Communist revolution would so upset their Slav adversary as to play into their hand. This calculation was right. Russia radically changed her whole foreign policy.

Dreaming of world revolution which would make national interests meaningless, the Soviet at once openly repudiated imperialism, power politics and secret diplomacy and proclaimed the principle of self-determination of all peoples formerly oppressed by the Tsars. This was the signal for the Baltic States. When Germany, after the Armistice, had to relinquish the conquered lands in the East, they established full independence. So once again, after 200 years of unhindered access to the sea, Russia was barred from it. Only a narrow door was left to her, Leningrad, a door easily blocked from outside. The work of Peter the Great was undone.

DID the Soviet really mean it? Could they leave it at that, if Russia was to continue as a European Power? In drastically changing Russia's foreign policy they were, of course, faithful to their doctrine. As long as there was hope for world revolution, the old conceptions did not seem to matter. At the same time one cannot help wondering whether these were the only considerations which made Lenin and Trotski give up the Baltic. Did the state of affairs in Russia not force them to transform necessity into a virtue? The Russian army in 1917 and 1918 was completely disintegrated; the huge country had been bled white by the war; powerful anti-revolutionary forces operated in various centers against the Soviet. It was only wise to eliminate further trouble by ceding recalcitrant provinces to the aggressive and much stronger enemy at Brest-Litovsk. But it is known that even Lenin was unwilling to part with the Baltic lands; and it was more than significant that, as soon as vanquished Germany was forced to withdraw from the Baltic, Soviet forces overran the newly constituted States in a desperate attempt to regain the old 'keys of the west.'

Only when this invasion was finally repelled by Latvia and Estonia in 1920 and their existence insured with Allied help, did Moscow accept the changed position. Faced with the gigantic task of building a new social order in a semi-Asiatic empire, and hard pressed by enemy armies on their soil, Trotski persuaded Lenin that it was best to consolidate their Western border. The peace treaties they concluded with the Baltic States in the same year are appropriately described by the Royal Institute of International Affairs as 'models of restraint and even generosity.' Their main item was the recognition of complete Baltic independence by the Soviet and the renunciation of all former rights of sovereignty. This was also confirmed by the Western Powers. By 1920 it seemed that Russia had definitely given up the Baltic.

That impression, however, was soon to be corrected. By intensive Communist propaganda carried out in

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all the three small States, the Russians tried to regain by revolutionary methods what they had lost in the field of foreign policy. Though the Soviet Government disclaimed all responsibility, the Third International actively supported local Communist groups operating on Baltic territories for the overthrow of the young governments. The motives were not only ideological. They were inspired by the hope that under a Communist régime the Baltic States would freely join the Soviet Union, thus bringing Russia again into direct touch with the sea. The climax of these activities was the big *putsch* of 1924 in Estonia, but its speedy suppression by the authorities and the failure of similar movements elsewhere proved that the Baltic soil was less susceptible to Communism than Russia.

The Russian Government carefully abstained from counter-measures. With the advance of general stabilization in Europe, their policy became one of correct coöperation with their neighbors. The Baltic States breathed more freely. Mutual confidence was gradually established, extensive commercial treaties were concluded, and various diplomatic conventions entered into, aiming at the preservation of the *status quo* in Eastern Europe. Foremost among the latter were the Non-Aggression Pacts of 1932.

This friendly coöperation was of course based on one essential condition, Russia's unhampered access to the sea. Nine hundred years of history had proved that she could not exist without it. Now more than ever the huge empire, laboring under a new social and economic effort, needed the Latvian and Estonian ports which had been long connected by rail and waterway with her main centers of production. It was obvious that, in the long run, Latvia's and Estonia's independence depended on their willingness to satisfy Russia's needs in this respect. The Baltic States fully appreciated this. They granted the Soviet every possible facility on their railways and ports, preferential tariffs and free zones. And though the Russians never fully exploited these facilities, the scheme worked for years to mutual satisfaction.

IT WAS the disastrous course of Nazi policy that forced the Soviet to a sudden change of attitude. In the golden days of Geneva, when collective security and international equity seemed to be building a new Europe, they had realized that their interests, too, were best served by these principles. The dream of world revolution was gone. Concerned most of all with internal recovery, Russia wanted nothing but peace and stability. As long as these prevailed, her interests on her Western border were fully met by the existence of independent, neutral and friendly States who kept Europe's door open to her. But again, as in the Middle Ages and in 1914, an aggressive and dangerous Power has risen against her. Nazi expansion was from the outset openly directed toward the East. For that reason, Moscow grew anxious lest Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia, whose small but well-organized German minorities were the strongest outposts of Hitlerism, should be too weak to withstand Berlin's pressure. To allow the three small states to succumb to it would have been suicidal.

Russia was undeniably in a weaker

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position than Germany. Leningrad, her only port, was far from the big routes, closed by ice in winter, and the naval base of Kronstadt could be easily paralyzed by the Power controlling the Gulf of Finland. Germany, on the other hand, dominated the whole sea. Her influence was very strong in the Baltic capitals whose governments, seeing her brutal acts of aggression succeed unpunished elsewhere, could do nothing but submit. As long as the Reich limited itself to Central Europe, Russia could rest. But when it showed the irrevocable decision to march into Poland—the first real step eastward—Russia took action. Whether it was arranged beforehand by Molotov and Ribbentrop or not, the fact is that she invaded Eastern Poland to forestall the Germans there.

Even the Soviet-Nazi Agreement cannot obscure the fact that the Reich, if it follows its historic course, must eventually push East. To withstand this, Russia's only solution is to unfold her complete power in the Baltic. Her interests demand convenient air and naval bases and security in the countries behind. That is precisely what she has been working for. It is idle to speculate whether in the long run she would have contented herself with the *status quo* up to 1939. But it is a fact that her present return to a dynamic and nationalistic foreign policy is the direct result of the collapse of international good faith and morality brought about by Hitlerism.

• •

Where skidded only in the upper air,
Clawed, winged and beaked for carnage, the cock eagle;
Or spun aloft on eddying breezes, bare
To heavens teeth, the death-kite at sheer angle
Sliced a blue solitude; or, black and regal,
Her shadow moving over endless, fair
White domes of cloud in regions sharp and rare,
Only the condor rode, half god, half devil,

Now, tiny and intent along the old
Maw of a probeless heaven, flies, its breast
Arching at earth, a new and bloodless bird,
Whose metal womb is heavy with a cold
Fœtus of bombs unborn, that, ere they rest
In death will revel in a birth of blood.

Mervyn Peake in *The Listener,* London

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Long days of pomp and circumstance are endured by a six-year-old before he may govern the land of Tibet

# Three Nations Hunt a Lama

Adapted from the *London Times*, the *Manchuria Daily News* and the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*

RIGYA, over two miles east of Lhasa and within sight of the soaring Potola, was the scene, a short time ago of the first ceremony on the return of the Dalai Lama to his capital in his fourteenth incarnation. On a plain below rocky foothills a large encampment had been set out in square formation, three lines deep around a resplendent reception tent standing in a yellow walled enclosure. Its outer cover was bright yellow—a color used only for tents of the Dalai Lama—and decorated with blue designs; its inner roof was richly embroidered with circular patterns in blue, red and yellow; and on the roof-pole were gilded figures, including peacocks, from which it gets its name of the Peacock Tent. The inner walls had been hung with yellow brocade embroidered with golden dragons, and from the poles scarlet and gold banners were draped. A throne covered with silk and fronted with the double-thunderbolt symbol on white satin had been arranged for the Dalai Lama, and to right and left were seats for officials.

The Regents went in procession with the state sedan chair up to Rigya Monastery on the hill above the camp, there to await the Dalai Lama. Before long an excited murmur told that 'the Presence' was coming, and the crowd on a spur hiding the road to the east stirred expectantly as the band of the bodyguard was heard. Soon, above clouds of dust mingled with the smoke of incense and above the mass of people, tall banners came into sight. Deep trumpets sounded from the monastery on the hill. A reverent, silent crowd of Tibetans pressed forward to see the six-year-old child from the distant Chinese province of Silling in whom their compassionate ruler Chenrezi has again become incarnate. A small troop of Chinese soldiers in dusty quilted clothes came a little in advance, followed by a body of mounted men in bright silks and tall Mongolian hats holding banners. Behind them rode officials in ascending

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importance wearing magnificent brocade robes and, preceding the center of the cavalcade, a sedan chair covered in yellow silk through the glass windows of which the small Dalai Lama could be seen looking with calm interest at the crowd. Behind rode his father and mother and his two brothers.

After a short rest, the Dalai Lama was carried down in the large gilded palanquin over which waved an umbrella of peacock's feathers and one of yellow silk, to receive homage in the Peacock Tent. There he was seated on the throne. After making three prostrations before him, the officials, headed by the Regent, began to file past, offering white silk scarves and receiving his blessing. The stream, which included British, Nepalese and Chinese representatives, and Lhasa Moslems, poured past the throne for almost an hour, while the Dalai Lama, wearing yellow brocade and a yellow peaked fur hat, sat solemnly and with dignity holding out his hands to touch the heads of the worshippers. The stately Lord Chamberlain of his household, standing on a high step beside the throne, watched the proceedings; and in front of the throne a monastic attendant looked after his master with reverent affection, smiling his encouragement and showing the Dalai Lama whom he should bless with both hands, whom with one, and whom with a silk tassel on a silver rod, and himself holding up the rod when the child grew tired.

When the offering of scarves was over, tea was brought for the Dalai Lama in a golden tea-pot studded with turquoise. First it was tasted by a household official and then offered in a large jade cup.

The dignity and self-possession of the child impressed every one. He looked about calmly, seeming unmoved by the magnificence and as if he were in familiar surroundings. Although appearing to grow tired toward the end of the ceremony he did not lose his composure. He never smiled, but maintained a placid, equable gaze. Much of his attention was directed to a calm inspection of members of the British Mission as though he were trying to recall where he had seen such people before.

THE Dalai Lama reached the end of his two-and-a-half months' journey to Lhasa that morning, after resting two nights at Rigya. The procession enclosing the yellow palanquin rode through streets lined with monks holdings banners and auspicious emblems. The villagers were dressed in bright colors as dancers and musicians. Every window was shut and curtained, for no one should look from above upon the Dalai Lama. A band of officials wearing the dress of the old kings of Tibet were conspicuous by their rich brocade, by enormous circular ornaments on their chests, and by their earrings of turquoise over a foot long. Golden incense-burners and silk-wrapped bundles of the Dalai Lama's clothing were carried past on horses. The Regent rode behind the palanquin on a richly caparisoned pony.

As the middle of the procession reached the south entrance of the cathedral it was met by the Oracle of Nechung in a state of possession. A god who acts as guardian of religion is said to enter into him, and when he is so possessed he dances with convulsive movements, bending his body fiercely to the ground, forward and

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backward. He wears a high headdress of white plumes over a golden crown, and brandishes a sword and a bow. This terrible figure rushed to the Dalai Lama's palanquin and thrust in his head so that the spirit in him could do reverence. There had been some apprehension that the sight would frighten the child, but it is said that he was quite unpreturbed.

When the Oracle had withdrawn the procession went on to the west door of the cathedral, by which the Dalai Lama entered to visit the shrine, eleven centuries old, in which is kept the Jowo Rimpochhe, an image of Buddha said to have been brought from China by a wife of King Songtsen Gampo, who first established Buddhism in Tibet.

After a short time the procession left the city of Lhasa and entered the Norbhu Lingka, a large walled park containing the several summer palaces of the Dalai Lama. In the oldest of these a reception ceremony was held, and a short performance of dances was given by the Dalai Lama's dancing boys. Finally the Dalai Lama withdrew for a rest after more than six hours of ceremony.

His calm assurance during the exacting two days of his entry into Lhasa has been a source of wonder and delight to the people of Tibet and has confirmed their trust in the reincarnation.

THE peasant boy who becomes the Dalai Lama was discovered by a searching party early last year in the desolate Kokonor Lake region. He was born on the same day that his predecessor died (in December 1933) and when from a number of objects he picked one belonging to the late head of the Tibetan Church, that simple act proved to members of the searching party that he was the living reincarnation of the Dalai Lama.

On his deathbed the last Dalai Lama pointed with a trembling hand in the approximate direction where, after his demise, the reincarnation of the representative of Buddha would become manifest in a new-born child. For five years the Lamas of Lhasa exercised their prerogative of ruling in his stead, a period which seemed to continue indefinitely since no one was able to discover the reincarnated leader. During these five

*Marianne*, Paris

*—Supposing we go in anyhow?*
*—We can say we don't know how to read.*

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years, however, particularly since the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war, the Chinese National Government consolidated its thrust to the West by increasing its foothold on the east and northeastern frontiers of Tibet. Last spring the Chiang Kai-shek Government took the initiative in bringing about the appearance of a new Dalai Lama, a 'true' incarnation discovered within the Chinese sphere of influence. A commissar from Chungking, who was without a military retinue but had considerable means at his disposal, organized and financed the pilgrimage to Lhasa.

It is understandable that the regents of Lhasa were not enthusiastic over these developments. Although the boy from Kumbum will remain a minor for another six years, thus safeguarding their regency for that period, the Kumbum monastery and the boy's Chinese patrons will necessarily gain increased influence.

Many Chinese are convinced that the boy's two competitors, both discovered in the neighborhood of Lhasa, were visited by Tibetan agents of the British Intelligence Service. As a matter of fact, for more than a year the British have noted with growing apprehension the rapidly expanding Chinese nationalism to the west and southwest. The power of the Chinese National Government already extends across Yunnan to the borders of Burma. If it should ever rule over Tibet, it could then advance to the northern side of the Himalayas. This Chinese expansion puts an end to the former 'splendid isolation' of India. On the other hand, it is not easy for Britain to carry out its aspirations in Lhasa, for the India Office hesitates to interfere too much lest civil war break out in Tibet. Unrest on the borders of India is something which is extremely undesirable in Delhi at this time of war in Europe.

Tibet is in a state of ferment. New trends threaten to replace the social, political and ecclesiastical stagnation of the past two centuries. The big Lama monasteries still rule in the south, the west and the interior part of the country. Their foothold depends much less on their religious domination than on their large estates and armed soldiers of fortune. There are monasteries in Tibet which can call upon thousands of armed men, partially equipped with modern British and Russian arms. But apart from these monasteries, there are many secular princes who have reached a large degree of independence in the past few years, particularly in the east and the northeast where the Chinese have consolidated their growing power. The younger generation no longer enters the monasteries so frequently, but prefers more worldly occupations, and the young disciples of the Lama are not so much interested in religious cults, as they are in the administration of the monasteries' properties, the intricacies of cattle-breeding and the rate of exchange of the rupee and the dollar in China and India. Their devotion to the new Lama remains to be demonstrated.

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# Note on Finland

*By* FRANK P. S. GLASSEY

AMERICANS who sickened with horror when they read that Soviet airplanes had bombed Finnish cities and that Soviet troops had invaded Finnish soil may find some slight comfort in the reflection that fighting Russians is no new experience to the Finns. They have been at it, off and on, for more than 200 years, and in those long centuries the Finns have never lost their love of independence or their hate of Russian domination.

Peter the Great of Russia conquered Finland when the country was a Grand Duchy under Sweden, in a six-year campaign beginning in 1710, but by 1721 the Russians had lost all the territory except the province of Viborg. Again in 1809 Russia conquered Finland in another war with Sweden.

This domination continued until the Finnish Declaration of Independence of December 1917 but meanwhile the unruly Finns caused their masters more than a little trouble. Functioning as a semi-independent Grand Duchy, the little country was unexpectedly placed under the power of a dictatorial governor by Tsar Nicholas II in April, 1903. The Finns passively resisted despotic orders for two years, but in November of 1905 they staged the famous 'national strike' in protest. After six days the Government capitulated and an imperial manifesto restored many rights, including provisions for a new Diet. Years later the Duma nullified a series of progressive laws enacted by the Diet. As a result, Finnish judges stepped down from their benches, high officials went voluntarily into exile, and a great majority of the male population refused to pay the taxes which Russia had demanded in lieu of army service.

Even after Finland gained her independence, 'Whites' and 'Reds' staged many bitter battles on Finnish territory. The country was invaded by Bolshevik troops, and it did not regain peace and tranquillity until April 1918, when General Karl Manneheim, leading a 'White army' and aided by German reinforcements, defeated the Russians at the battle of Tammerfors.

Opponents of Mannerheim accused him of later instituting a ruthless reign of terror, in which his 'White' troops massacred more than 15,000 alleged Communists, including hundreds of women and children. The Mannerheim contingent vigorously denied these charges, although Mannerheim himself admitted that thousands of Bolsheviks died in Finland's short-lived civil war.

The Finns are great lovers of peace but they are also good haters. They

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know how to cherish a grudge through the years.

In one of the large Helsingfors public squares, near the President's Palace, is a statue of Tsar Alexander III, erected shortly after his death. Because Alexander was a beneficent ruler, the Finns allowed the statue to remain even after they had gained their independence, and the kindly figure stands there today, unless it has been demolished by a Russian bomb. But because they retained the memory of other Tsars and of tyrants under whom they had suffered, the Finns painstakingly obliterated all of the Russian inscriptions.

Finland—'Land of a Thousand Lakes'—is modern, progressive, enterprising and friendly. Just as the United States respects Finland because it has regularly paid its post-war debt installments, so the Finns admire American methods and ideals.

Helsingfors, the capital, might be mistaken for almost any thriving American city of 250,000. The street cars were manufactured in Philadelphia; 90 per cent of the taxi-cabs come from Michigan factories. The city boasts the largest book store in Europe, with an entire floor devoted to books and magazines published in English.

The country preceded the United States in the adoption of many reforms, including woman suffrage, which had its European birthplace in the little Northern land. Even in the adoption of prohibition Finland emulated the United States. Finland finally followed America's example in repealing an unpopular measure.

Russia can gain little from Finland in material resources that she does not have already. Thirty-five per cent of the country's land is covered with forests, and lumbering and the manufacture of wood products constitute the chief industry. More than two-thirds of the people are engaged in agriculture; only 15 per cent are industrial workers.

The aggressiveness of the Finn, despite his desire for peaceful relations with his neighbors, is proverbial. Illustrative is an old Finnish custom, slowly dying out in recent years. Most farmers and many city dwellers carry small knives, known as *'Puukko'* knives, in a sheath attached to the belt. But it used to be the common practice, when two men would get into an argument that could only be settled by combat, for them to draw their knives.

They would solemnly wrap handkerchiefs around the blades, so that perhaps only a half inch of each was unprotected. Then they would do battle, each jabbing at the other's body, but never at his head, until one of the contestants declared he had enough. Thus was honor satisfied and neither was hurt fatally.

Although only 11 per cent of the population is Swedish-speaking, almost every Finn has great admiration and respect for his Western neighbors.

On the highest hill in Helsingfors, overlooking the sea, is an heroic statuary group entitled 'Shipwrecked.' Cast in bronze, it portrays a man standing on a rock lashed by angry waves. Coiled at his feet is a semi-nude woman. The man holds an infant in his arms as he looks anxiously out over the sea. Perhaps it is significant, at this time, that the man has his back to Russia, while his eager gaze is directed over the waters toward Sweden.

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# Gas Warfare in Antiquity

*By* M. DE BELLEGARDE

Translated from the *Revue Belge,* Brussels Topical Monthly

THUCYDIDES, ancient Greek historian, relates, in the second book of his *Peloponnesian War,* that in the year 470 B. C. the Lacedemonians tried, during the siege of Megara, to capture the city by smoking it out. For this purpose they disposed, around the ramparts, bundles of fagots impregnated with sulphur and pitch, and set them alight. But a change in the wind blew back the smoke upon them and they were forced to flee.

They did not give up their idea, however, and put it into execution again at the siege of Platæa in 428 B.C. They succeeded this time in taking the town. Of course, they did not realize that it was carbon monoxide and not mere smoke that did the trick.

During the Middle Ages, the same system was used, an adversary in a tower being smoked until he surrendered, but those who used the system were still unaware that the deaths caused were due to carbon monoxide. They preferred the mixture of sulphur and pitch, which burned even on water, and called it 'Greek Fire.' This 'Greek Fire' was in common use during the Roman Empire, Byzantine Empire, Middle Ages and Renaissance.

In the fourteenth century, the Arab historian Hassan Abramah first suggested the use of the toxic vapors of opium to incapacitate the enemy. In the Berlin Arsenal Library there is a book dated 1437 which gives a formula for the manufacture of toxic grenades which would contain arsenic trisulphide.

The ancients noticed that certain gases were lighter than air, which caused a Lithuanian named Siemenoxicz, in the middle of the seventeenth century, to suggest weighting them with the smoke of burning grass. He claimed by this means to produce 'a pestilential atmosphere which will cause men to perish without possibility of remedy.'

So ends the first period of the history of poison gas, but if it was not used to a great extent previous to 1914, let no one think it was from humanitarian sentiments. It was because no one knew how to throw gas bombs to a distance, so that it was as dangerous for those who used it as for the adversary.

Some experiments seem, however, to have been made, one in the French army, by a chemist named Fourcroy, during the French Revolution. An English chemist also offered Napoleon the secret of a cannon ball containing prussic acid, but the Emperor refused it. Inventions of this sort

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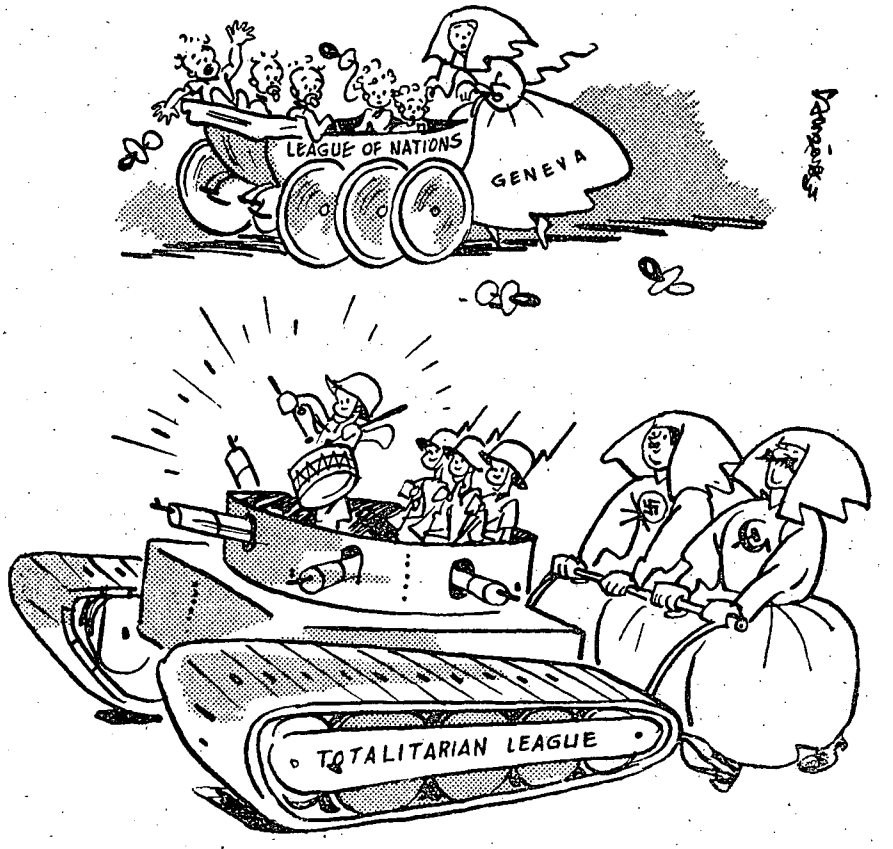
multiplied during the nineteenth century, but they also met with the veto of governments. Finally, in 1912, the Powers at the Hague Conference condemned the use of poison gases. Only tear gas, which has no permanent ill-effects, was permitted.

At the end of October, 1914, the Germans used gas at Lens, in contravention of their Hague undertaking, the bombs being loaded with dianisidine chlorosulphide, but the gas was too weak and temporary and was abandoned after a few trials. The Allies retaliated, but their first attempts were failures. They had more success in February, 1916, with 75-mm. shells loaded with phosgene. In three and a half years the Germans used 47,500 tons of poison gas. France had 507,000 soldiers gassed, and 27 per cent of the losses of the American Expeditionary Force were due to poison gas.




*North-China Daily News*, Shanghai

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# Guatemala's Claims in British Honduras

*By* MANUEL UGARTE

Translated from *Tegucigalpa,* Honduras Non-Partisan Weekly

THE desire to maintain *en bloc* the neutrality of the American continent in the face of events in Europe reveals a new and happy state of conscience. The New World, having attained maturity, is inclined to renounce all those things which might compel it to move in the orbit of outside interests in order to apply itself exclusively to its own destiny, and to take possession of itself in the most complete manner.

In this light the initiative taken by the United States at the Lima Conference was particularly commendable and propitious for the future development of our republics, it being understood, of course, that the direction of such neutrality and its documentation must at all times and in every particular consult the peculiar interests of each of the States concerned.

The American continent has problems of its own to solve. It is not a matter of ideology or day-to-day politics, but something much more lasting: the construction of nationalities. I refer, in the economic sphere, to the valorization of resources; in the cultural, to the perfection of public instruction; and in the field of international relations, to special problems, some of them of a constituent nature, others relating to the co-existence of the various regions. To these must be added those which refer to the liquidation of European sovereignty in our hemisphere, that is to say, the action which complements the movement begun over a century ago.

In this sense the present diplomatic effort of Guatemala to regain possession of Belize (British Honduras) acquires a tremendous importance and is deserving of special attention. General Jorge Ubico's Government has lodged, in a most reasonable manner, Guatemala's claims regarding the occupation by Great Britain of Belize; that Guatemala's attitude is quite reasonable is attested by the support given to that country in the Parliaments of many of our republics, and especially in Chile. But the question is one which interests all our countries, and it is therefore convenient to remove it from the realm of diplomacy and place it before the bar of public opinion, and especially its more youthful elements.

The antecedents of the dispute are as follows:

In the colonial era, Spain granted Britain permission to hew and trade timber in the Belize region. That permit did not imply possession, for

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PALO ALTO PUBLIC LIBRARY READING ROOM

as soon as the British began to erect fortifications there they were expelled by the Spaniards and carried off to prisons in Yucatán. Subsequent treaties authorized the British to continue their activities, but always under the sovereignty of Spain. Britain could never invoke any title other than a conditional license limiting her to an area bounded by the rivers Hondo and Sibun.

Following the independence of Central America, Great Britain extended her activities as far as the River Saratum, that is, over an area twice as large as that covered by the earlier permits, and this she maintained against the constant protests of Guatemala.

In 1850 there was signed between Great Britain and the United States a treaty whereby both countries pledged themselves not to acquire territorial possessions in Central America. Britain thus found herself obliged to seek legal title to the territory; and as Guatemala also was anxious to secure her frontiers, there was signed in 1859 an Anglo-Guatemalan treaty which carried a clause promising compensation for Guatemala.

The thesis upheld by General Ubico's Government is that failure to implement this compensatory clause has rendered the treaty null and void. A treaty comes into force only if both Governments proceed to execute its terms; if one of the signatories does not do so it expires, and both parties are freed from the undertakings contracted.

Without dragging into this affair the political crisis through which the world is now passing, the dispute has special importance at the moment because there is implicit in it the problem of the remaining colonial possessions in America. For many years the Argentine has maintained analogous claims in respect to Falkland Islands; the Guianas, still occupied by Britain, France and Holland, are anachronisms which may one day form part of the neighboring republics; Jamaica itself, by reason of its origin, history and geographical position, falls naturally into the United States' sphere of influence.

In reality, there exists a general problem for America in the partial or arbitrary continuation of a state of affairs which manifestly ceased to exist at the opening of the nineteenth century. The emancipation of America eliminated from the New World the tutelage of Britain, Portugal and Spain. It would be difficult indeed for Europe to seek to justify today the occupation of certain small zones when that continent admitted over a century ago the general extinction of its dominion over America.

The claims of Guatemala call for support and sympathy. She is fully justified from the legal point of view; and in another direction she reaffirms a tendency toward the irrevocable emancipation of America.

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# Spectacle in Iceland

*By* ADELE SCHREIBER

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*, Basel Liberal German-Language Daily

MEMBERS of a woman's club of Reykjavik, Iceland, invited me recently on an automobile trip to see the Great Geyser and the Gullfoss ('the Golden Waterfalls'). Baedekers heavily italicize this excursion for the visitor, and they call the Geyser 'one of the great miracles of nature.'

Unfortunately, the trip was made in a rainstorm. The automobile took us through green meadows and across the vast lava plateau of Hellisheidi, strewn with huge blocks of frozen lava between which moss and the first green shrubs forced their way to the sun. The flora soon gave way to stretches of deserted, stony regions.

Next to the Geyser is a summer hotel with a large dining-room in which one may eat a lunch brought in from outside. There we waited for the eruption of the Geyser. The Great Geyser is a difficult old gentleman—he keeps no fixed weekly or hourly schedule. He erupts when he feels like it, without regard for tourists who come to see the miracle. As long as the Geyser is quiet in his warm basin, you see only a large crater filled with hot water and steam.

Since the Geyser has not been active for twenty years, experts decided to make some experiments. They hoped to make nature here more responsive. Investigators found that the Geyser reacts immediately to soap. If you feed it a sufficient quantity, the temperature of the water rises; when it has reached ninety-two degrees, it starts to foam and to release the soap, after which it starts to throw its boiling masses of water into the air. Since the Geyser's odd sensitivity to soap has become known, excursions have been made regularly from Reykjavik to give the old fellow this shot in the arm.

Iceland has long been familiar with trade unionism and guild organizations. Its geysers, too, seem to be organized, and, as temperamental phenomena, they will only work under certain conditions. Pampered with a given amount of soap, they will shoot streams of water into the air for a strictly limited number of minutes. Fixed prices! . . . The smaller geysers are less demanding: those near Gryta offer a beautiful fountain up to twenty-five feet in height for only two cakes of washing soap, and the display lasts for five minutes. But the Great Geyser is harder to provoke. He demands a minimum of 165 pounds of soap for each demonstration. Evidently the Geyser has a deal with a sponsor, for he demands a certain brand of soap.

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We were waiting for tourist cars from Reykjavik to bring a male choir from Stockholm to the Geyser and the Gullfoss. In the evening its members were to give a concert in Reykjavik. The automobiles were also supposed to bring along the amount of soap which is the Geyser's tribute. But many hours passed without the Swedes putting in an appearance. So the visit to the Gullfoss was undertaken first. It was still raining, and the sunshine, which usually throws its light on the falls, was missing. Even so, the picture is breathtaking, and the Gullfoss rivals Niagara Falls.

The Geyser has a bodyguard, an Icelander endowed with a sense of humor, who told us a few funny stories. 'The Geyser is very stubborn,' he informed us. 'When King Christian was here, we fed the Geyser enormous quantities of excellent soap, but he was unimpressed by royalty and would not condescend to erupt. It was a very poor showing—we were really embarrassed.

'The people are up to too much mischief,' the guard continued, scowling. 'Some years back tourists threw heavy stones into a little geyser. He was completely done for. He could not erupt the tiniest bit after that. Now, fortunately, I am on guard here.'

*Marianne*, Paris

FREDERICK II AND CATHERINE THE GREAT

At last, the buses with the tourists and the soap arrived. The level of the crater lake is lowered by opening a lock. The soap is ladled into the water, and now again we must be patient. Every few minutes the temperature is taken, as of a patient with a high fever: seventy-five, eighty, eighty-five! Almost an hour has elapsed. The poor Swedish singers have to leave. They are deeply disappointed and irritated at the Geyser, but their concert audience is waiting. In another twenty minutes the Geyser gives a preliminary gurgle and bubble—quickly, everyone moves away.

Then there follows an undescribable spectacle. Masses of water cascade into the air almost two hundred feet. Everything near and far is covered with a thin and iridescent spray of water. Like a gigantic display of fireworks, there is a gala performance at the end. The water no longer shoots into the air now. Columns of steam rise into the air, higher and higher.

In a half-hour, the miracle is over.

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# Prussia not Hitler Must Perish

*By* HILAIRE BELLOC

From the *Weekly Review,* London Catholic Weekly

IT IS becoming clear now to everyone that European peace and Prussia are incompatible. For the trouble is that not one man in a hundred has been told or can understand what is meant by that word 'Prussia.'

We have repeated it in this paper over and over again during the last four to five years, but the popular press is in a complete ignorance on the matter and the popular press is the mold of opinion.

To repeat, then, what has been said so often before: if Prussia is not thoroughly defeated and destroyed, not only will peace in Europe for the future be impossible but *this* country will have lost its position in the world for ever. If Prussia is not defeated and thoroughly destroyed by civilized Western Europe, the Communist allies whom, in her desperation, she has called in to complete the murder of Poland will inevitably turn North Germany, which is already half Communist, into a Communist morass. If that happens, and it now threatens to happen, and indeed now seems almost inevitable save to those who preserve a mystical faith in the teeth of adversity, European civilization, which had expanded over the Germanies through the missionary effort of the Christian Church in the Dark Ages, will fall back at the best to the old limits of the Roman Empire. Civilization will once more in a maimed and ruinous condition have to fight for its life against the outer barbarism. If the worst happens even the last stronghold of civilization will be overwhelmed. At the best we shall survive behind the old line of the Rhine and Danube; at the worst we shall not survive at all.

To repeat again what has been said over and over again in this one place, this one paper, but never heeded, Prussia is not a land called 'Germany,' it is not a people called 'Germans,' it is not a race, it is a certain anti-Christian mood *which expresses itself as an army,* and has been of increasingly powerful effect upon the emotional German mind for now two hundred years. It has grown from being a threat against the old imperfect German civilization to be the master of Germans as a whole. Its military discipline has formed a new Reich and is strong enough to use the subservient millions for the destruction of Christendom. It is now mobilized and expects victory. It must be defeated in the field or be itself victorious.

It is puerile to select one ephemeral demagogue and make him synonymous with the menace under which we now lie. It is utterly futile to repeat the words 'Hitler' and 'Hitlerism.' It is equally futile to appeal to supposed elements within the present

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Third Reich in the hope that the more civilized fragments therein may restore sanity. Hitler might disappear tomorrow, he and his gang. He might be replaced by a new military government; that government might come to terms with civilization and sign one document or a dozen successive documents—and we should be just as we were before. Nothing will put an end to Prussia as a master and controller of the German herd (that plastic thing) save *defeat in the field; armed victory.*

It may be that this will prove impossible; in which case a very difficult peace will be achieved—at first unstable, then rapidly breeding a new war. For this is certain: that if Prussia is not broken by the armed victory of the civilized West, and broken now, safety and permanence will never return.

As it is, Moscow has been let into Europe by the back door. That in itself is a promise of disaster, not necessarily complete, but serious. An undefeated Prussia, whether openly in alliance with Moscow or no, will not only need all the forces of the West to contain the flood of barbarism but even with all those forces organized as they were organized under the old unity of the Middle Ages the fight will be a defensive fight and a long one and a doubtful one. Our own compromise with the Communist Government, our own acceptance of the hand of Moscow dripping with the blood of Poland, is an earnest of what is to come.

No one yet understands, it would seem, the gravity of the moment. Poland was the bastion of Christian civilization in the welter of the eastern marches. The murder of Poland by Prussia and the Soviets combined is but the beginning of something that may end in the destruction of ourselves, and that cannot, even if total ruin be averted, be less than a difficult defensive effort against continual assault.

Civilization is disunited. The wisest advice it has yet received has come from the new Italy, but there has not come from thence any philosophy or creed which could build us up again. Nothing will do that but the defeat of the common enemy: Prussia at our gates and her Communist ally behind her. Nothing but the moral effect of victory and the material effect of terms imposed by the victor will save us. That is the task. To most men it will for long appear meaningless. Even to those who understand, it will long appear difficult and at times impossible. We shall be asked to compromise. The temptation to compromise will be very strong. The fortunes of Europe will be interpreted in terms of local patriotism, particular greed, and a dozen conflicting false theories of history and politics.

There have appeared in history sudden revelations which have restored Christendom at the last moment. Such things are of their nature incalculable—yet we must hope and depend on some such thing, for the rhetoric of the moment is worthless. If Prussia is beaten down by blows, she collapses and Communism is defeated too. If the decisive blow is not delivered, the two, which may soon be one, will deliver it to *us*. For the moment it is they who have the advantage, moral and material. It is for us slowly and painfully to reverse these odds, but only in order to *act*.

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# PERSONS AND PERSONAGES

## MADAME MINISTER

*By* LUCY CORES

LATE last year when it appeared that the *City of Flint* imbroglio would become a *cause célèbre* in which the neutral United States would lose, one of the contributory reasons the State Department eventually did prevail lay in the sulphurous atmosphere exuded around the American Legation and in the precincts of the Foreign Ministry at Oslo by the Madame Minister Florence Javray Harriman.

Almost seventy, 'Daisy' Harriman, our Minister to Norway, is an attractive, dynamic person. With her tall, erect figure, deep blue eyes and neat gray bob, she has dignity, mingled with a straightforward, almost brusque charm that made her popular at Washington. She is further fortified by a generous bump of intelligence mixed with shrewdness.

Her recent fireworks of diplomatic brilliance at Oslo were somewhat at variance with the naïvete evinced by Mrs. Harriman at the very beginning of her diplomatic career. At that time Daisy pulled a boner that caused Washington to smile and the Norwegian Government to wonder whether its five weeks' delay in okaying her appointment (it usually takes but forty-eight hours) had not been justified.

Mrs. Harriman came to her first official reception at Washington in the tow of Michael McDermott, State Department press chief. There she was asked by a reporter whether she would negotiate a reciprocal trade treaty with Norway.

'Oh,' said Mrs. Harriman flashing her famous smile, 'That's already being done.'

McDermott intervened hastily, after kicking the Madame Minister in the shin, 'There's been no official announcement about that yet, Madame Minister,' and as his charge tried to make further explanation, he added firmly: 'We have only been exploring the matter thus far.'

Madame Minister caught on and subsided with a sheepish, 'Oh, I see.'

That could be called the first step in Daisy Harriman's diplomatic education. When she got to Norway and presented her credentials

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to King Haakon, she repeated to him President Roosevelt's remark —that the United States is twenty-five years behind Norway in social security. The spare gray monarch corrected her dryly: 'one hundred years would be more accurate.'

Nevertheless, Mrs. Harriman embarked upon her diplomatic career without undue inferiority complex. She brought to Norway a reputation as one of the most brilliant hostesses in Washington. She is gifted with a great deal of political sense and tact, and her genuine interest in social reform has made her a sympathetic figure to the Norwegian people.

Mrs. Harriman was born in New York, in 1870, of well-to-do and belligerently respectable parents. Her early education seems to have been conducted on a somewhat Spartan model. Her father, an officer in the Union army, hired an ex-sergeant to come and drill his three daughters, three times a week. This may account for the almost military rigidity of Mrs. Harriman's posture. She learned to swim in the Hudson at the age of 4—presumably on the throw-the-child-into-the-water-and-let-him-swim theory. Later she led the usual life of a normal, pretty and popular young woman of that period: a fashionable finishing-school, debutante parties, summers in Newport, marriage at nineteen to Borden Harriman, a New York banker, winters in Egypt, and housekeeping for her banker husband in Westchester. In 1904 she became one of the founders of New York's exclusive Colony Club, and its first president.

Her organizational abilities were used to a more interesting purpose in 1904 when she was appointed manager of the New York State Reformatory for Women. She held that post for twelve years. Her political education began in 1912, when she took an active part in the Wilson campaign. She exhausted herself, and Wilson showed his gratitude by appointing her to the Federal Industrial Relations Commission, the only woman member of that body.

In 1914 her husband died, and the scope of her activities greatly widened. During the World War she participated in the work of the Council of National Defense as chairman of the Committee on Women in Industry, and helped to organize the Red Cross women's motor corps. In addition, she helped found the Women's National Democratic Club, whose leading spirit she has been for many years.

Between these activities she somehow found time to make herself Washington's most envied hostess. She entertained lavishly and gaily in the Uplands, her beautiful home overlooking the Potomac, which became famous as a meeting place of Washington's élite. Her Sunday night salons were an informal if imposing mélange of all the

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important and amusing people in Washington. Her gatherings were unorthodox, to say the least.

During one of the campaigns she started weekly suppers which later—'when,' as Mrs. Harriman puts it, 'there were no immediate spoils to consider'—became popular forums, advancing progressive thought in the Democratic Party. At 'Mrs. Harriman's tea-cup chancellery,' Supreme Court judges and ambassadors rubbed elbows with radical columnists. The Norman Lindsays, who are Daisy Harriman's close friends, were often present at these gatherings and here, too, was Heywood Broun's burly form.

All this brilliant entertaining was carried on under a certain strain. Most of the Harriman fortune was lost in the depression, and the mistress of the Uplands was forced to augment her income by turning her versatile talents to interior decorating and real-estate ventures. Occasionally she rented the Uplands to some of her friends. Otto H. Kahn occupied it at one time, and at another it was rented to James Moffett, former Federal Housing Administrator.

These were lean years for the Democrats. The pall lifted in 1932 and there were hopes of better times, politically, in the Democratic National Convention at Chicago to which Mrs. Harriman went as a District of Columbia committeewoman. Here Mrs. Harriman made a bad guess: she gave her support to Newton D. Baker. Much of the next four years Mrs. Harriman spent seeking to persuade the White House to overlook her deplorable lack of judgment. The battle was fought, and presumably won in the Uplands, where members of the New Deal aristocracy were heartily welcomed guests.

In 1936 Mrs. Harriman supported Roosevelt solidly at the Democratic National Convention, at which she served as official hostess. And in 1937 she received her reward. At that time Ruth Bryan Owen, minister to Denmark and the first American woman to hold a diplomatic post of that rank, resigned in order to marry a Danish nobleman. Daisy Harriman seemed a logical choice to succeed her. Her sponsors were distinguished and influential: W. Forbes Morgan, Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee and the late Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas were among them. But apparently Denmark thought that one woman ambassador was enough—or perhaps Mrs. Owen's romantic adventure seemed inconsistent with ambassadorial dignity. At any event, Denmark did not approve the appointment. Daisy Harriman nothing daunted took the place of Anthony Drexel Biddle who had been American Minister in Norway.

The fact that Norway took five weeks to approve the appointment

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indicates that it must have shared to a certain degree Denmark's uneasiness. It seems, however, that Norway and Daisy Harriman took to each other immediately. During her stay, Mrs. Harriman has made a survey of Norwegian home industries for the Department of Agriculture, with particular emphasis on handicraft among the people. Her survey took her from cottage to cottage, bringing her into contact with the peasants, whose hands are so marvelously skillful in homely crafts. Her idea was that a similar plan of fostering handicrafts might be applicable in the United States in rehabilitating families stranded on barren farmlands.

Daisy Harriman's functions, however, are still to a large degree social. Her Oslo legation, a comfortable rambling building surrounded by greenery and latticed with balustrades and balconies, has taken on the characteristics of her Washington home. American tourists with whom she lunches every day feel quite at home.

Her day is a busy one. She spends the morning answering mail, and interviewing her compatriots, to whom she is as anxious to 'sell' Norway as though she were a native booster. Then, there are numerous reports to send to the State Department. In the beginning of November when the *City of Flint* went on its pilgrimage there was unprecedented activity and Mrs. Harriman, while oscillating between Oslo and Bergen, kept in constant touch with the State Department.

When the American cargo-vessel arrived at Bergen, Norway, the German naval convoy claiming that an emergency necessitated that call at a neutral port, the Madame Minister raced for that city, and trailing after her came the German Minister. The latter claimed jurisdiction over the vessel, and was backed up by the German officer commanding the *City of Flint,* but Mrs. Harriman argued that the alleged emergency was a piece of fiction, and not a very good fairy-tale at that. The Herr Minister and the Madame Minister staged, virtually on the pier at which the malodorous freighter was tied up, the diplomatic equivalent of a knock-down, drag-out fight, in which the Madame triumphed, reportedly because of her ability to outtalk the Herr Minister at a ratio of 700 to 1, leaving him finally making his speechless gestures to the cold Atlantic. The upshot of that battle of the sexes was that the *City of Flint* sailed for the United States.

In her official capacity Daisy Harriman has to attend innumerable state functions. In her severe but elegant black gown she is a familiar figure at the dinners where the *haut-monde* of Norway gathers, and which King Haakon often honors with his presence.

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She is always able to devote an hour of her day to some sport: in summer she goes swimming in one of the fiords. In winter she goes skiing: she has mastered this national sport with ease since she is an accomplished horse-woman and her sense of balance and control is useful.

Incidentally, she still hopes to negotiate that trade treaty with Norway.

## COLONEL GENERAL VON BRAUCHITSCH

BY KURT GROSSMANN

IT MAY not be in the best of taste at this time to speculate over the likely successor to Chancellor Hitler, since the Führer has only just passed his fiftieth birthday and, indeed, recently notified the British Government that he intended to devote a good number of years to the painting of landscapes. But the head of the German Government, contemporary history has demonstrated, is something of a clay-pigeon and is the popular target today of several millions of people; on eight occasions attempts have been made to eliminate him from the scene, and conceivably a ninth effort may succeed.

That eventuality existing, one may be permitted to consider the question of Hitler's most probable successor, and the temperament and background of that individual. It is of course true that the Chancellor, in an unhappy moment of uncertainty and premonition last September, named Marshal Göring to succeed him, and Rudolf Hess to succeed Göring. But if Hitler is gathered to his Aryan fathers by unnatural causes, such as a bullet between the eyes, Göring is not likely to be next Führer, for assassination might be the starting-signal for revolution, and in that upheaval the Nazi bigwigs would disappear from view.

If that is so, the successor would seem to be, at this time, Colonel General Heinrich Alfred Hermann Walther von Brauchitsch, today commander-in-chief of the German Land Forces, a member of the nobility who, by virtue of extraordinary flexibility of mind (for a soldier), good luck and perpetual wariness has escaped the fate of General Werner von Fritsch and former Chancellor General Kurt von Schleicher, both of whom were eliminated by the Nazis as men of dangerous ability and excessive intelligence; von Brauchitsch has also escaped the political and military demise of General Field

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Marshal Werner von Blomberg, the Führer's first War Minister, who was booted from the Nazi cabinet ostensibly because of a fatal attraction for a blonde secretary whom he married, but in reality because Hitler feared that Blomberg was cooking up a Reichswehr *coup d'état.* (Despite the Blomberg fiasco, last year von Brauchitsch purged himself of his wife, one Welly von Karstedt who was well-to-do but of a certain age, and married another employee of the War Ministry, Charlotte Schmidt, a judge's daughter, described as the most decorative biped in the Reichswehrministerium, for all her forty years).

Colonel-General von Brauchitsch plays safe, and he has the not altogether likeable trait of covering all his bets. It is for this cautiousness, rather than any qualities of spectacular leadership or of administrative ability, that there is *sotto-voce* conversation in cafés that, should something distressful occur to the Führer, he would be a likely candidate as head of a junta government, with the possibility thereafter of becoming another von Hindenburg in a democratic Germany. Militarily speaking, von Brauchitsch is an officer in no way comparable to von Hindenburg, but he is molded in the same tradition, he has an impressive physical façade, and he commands popular support as well as the respect of the upper classes. Like all the Junker class, he is a die-hard monarchist, but he sees in the lunatic ex-corporal with the magical voice a God-sent means to an end—the destruction of Versailles, and the resurrection of the German army.

That the Colonel-General, who destroyed the respectable Polish army in some three weeks, can persuade himself of Hitler's omniscience in the present scheme of things is the secret of his eminence. Unlike most men of his training and background, he readily dismisses the Chancellor's personal history of childhood frustration, the picture of the flophouse orator by night and the postcard peddler by day. He probably believes that in the moves of the onetime Vienna panhandler and ex-corporal are the incalculable operations of Divine providence. This no other consequential officer of the Reichswehr can bring himself to believe; lip-service, yes, but not much more for Adolf.

Together with his sincere respect for Hitler, Brauchitsch has the enormous advantage, in the present set-up of Nazi opportunists and megalomaniacs, of being a rather dull fellow, inclined to self-effacement. Not given to strutting, and with no interest in Nazi blood-and-soil gibberish or 'Aryan' abracadabra, he has had the energy to consolidate every advance and to become more expert in his

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field, the vital one of major tactics. It is commonly said of von Brauchitsch that he has no political deftness, but this is an egregious boner. He has demonstrated an exceedingly subtle brand of political dexterity in selling himself to Hitler and his coterie, while remaining *persona grata* to the Reichswehr high command. That scarcely anyone has perceived this acrobatic number doesn't detract from the fact that he has not fallen from the tightwire and lost his life—or ruined his career—as did Schleicher, von Fritsch and von Blomberg.

As a youth, von Brauchitsch had no choice of career, as he was the son (the fifth) of a cavalry general. At Berlin he sought manfully to keep awake at the Französische Gymnasium, one of the best junior colleges in pre-War Germany. At the age of nineteen he was commissioned a lieutenant in the Royal Elizabeth Guard Grenadiers, whence his father transferred him to the artillery because of the grenadiers' predilection for corsets. By the time of the outbreak of the World War he had risen to a captaincy, and because of influence was assigned to solve logarithmic puzzles for General Staff dullards on the Western Front. For four years he rarely heard the faintest belch of artillery. But he made friends; in his unobtrusive way, the tall and lean young officer, almost seven feet in height, cemented acquaintance into friendships. The grimness of his face, punctuated by gray, intelligent eyes, is softened by a humorous mouth, and he is ready enough to laugh—in a manner, however, that suggests he fears he may awaken somebody.

At the disastrous war's end, Captain von Brauchitsch still had an unstained uniform, but no place to go. He was ushered out of the Reichswehr and thus discharged. But at Headquarters, the self-contained captain of artillery had found favor with General Hans von Seeckt, then re-organizing the Reichswehr to conform with the terms of Versailles. Through him von Brauchitsch was again summoned to service, and in three years had risen to command of the artillery section at the War Ministry. His work continued to be sedentary and he had a succession of paper assignments, but in 1930 he was appointed chief of military training in the Reich; in 1932 he was appointed Reichswehr chief of artillery, and the next year (when Hitler came to power) he was awarded command of the East Prussian Military area. He was largely responsible for construction of the new fortifications there.

Von Brauchitsch's rise had been rapid, but it was void of the spectacular: nothing dramatic had occurred in his life, and the grenadiers' corsets did not seem a folly of the dim past; all that

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was scarcely yesterday. All that had happened was his exchange of one swivel-chair for another, and the improvement of his wife's 300,000 acres in Pomerania. He gave the impression, in 1933, that no one was more surprised than himself at his eminence, but the truth was that von Brauchitsch had been advancing and ingratiating himself with great finesse. In 1937 he became chief of the Leipzig Group Command, a key post that secured his future.

By this time, von Brauchitsch had seen enough of Hitler to persuade himself of the sincerity of the Führer for his avowed mission —to regain for Germany her pre-war position; so far as von Brauchitsch was concerned, that included the reinstatement also of the Reichswehr officer-class to its rightful place in the sun. He had the advantage over colleagues, in dealing with Hitler, that the Führer recognized that the Colonel-General regarded him not as a *parvenu,* but as a very gifted politician in whom rested the fate of the Reichswehr officer-caste. The primary reason that Hitler and the Silesian aristocrat (who traces his forebears to 1259) could see eye-to-eye was that von Brauchitsch treated the Führer as an equal: it was, and still is, as simple as that. Von Brauchitsch became a confidant of the Führer. There was, however, one lesser reason for Hitler's early approval of the soldier. Much against his judgment, he supported Hitler's first gamble in reoccupying the Rhineland in 1936— like Hitler, but unlike other high Reichswehr officers, von Brauchitsch was disposed to believe the French and British would do nothing. He supported the Austrian seizure, less of a gamble, but before the *Anschluss,* when he had been given command of the Reichswehr, he reportedly told Hitler:—

'We'll support a military bluff over Austria if need be, but for more dangerous business we're not yet prepared. Wait a few months —only a few months.'

Von Brauchitsch's hero is Moltke. Perhaps his one departure from totally conventional behavior is the time he spends in the room that the great Prussian field marshal once occupied in the present building of the interior ministry, a room now set apart as a museum.

Von Brauchitsch has increased enormously in public esteem since the destruction of Poland, a job he performed with dispatch and precision. On the day that war began, September 3, Hitler issued a proclamation to the Army, asking officers and men on the Western Front to hold firm until 'the war in the East is concluded —two or three months.' Von Brauchitsch accomplished the job in some nineteen days, if one subtracts the brave but futile hold-out by the citizens of Warsaw.

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Is Stalin's latest move in Finland indicative of strength or weakness?

# Powder-Keg under Russia

*By* R. S.

IT BEGINS to look as if something were rotten in Russia, and that the government of the U.S.S.R. is not playing a clever game but a desperate one. The powerful Soviet propaganda machine has successfully built up a saga of military strength that is beginning to crack visibly under the glare of recent events. This has created a dangerous situation for the Russian state. Reports from various sources—some dating back more than a year—are beginning to fall together into a neat pattern that portends disaster.

On the Finnish front matters have taken a serious turn. According to a copyrighted story from Helsinki to the *Chicago Tribune*, 100,000 members of the OGPU are striving valiantly to keep the Russian army in line. According to this story, Soviet soldiers, after being hurled back by the Finns, are refusing to move back into the line for a second attack and are being decimated by OGPU guns. At home, more trouble has broken out. The blackouts in Leningrad have deteriorated into a series of horrors that might well make excellent material for Edgar Allan Poe tales. According to captured Russian soldiers, the *Chicago Tribune* story says, blackouts have been discontinued at last because the blackout nights had degenerated into uncontrollable episodes of lawlessness. These captured Russian soldiers said that Soviet citizens, turned bandit, were attacking pedestrians, robbing them of their trinkets and even stripping them of their clothing. Because of a food shortage in the city these same 'bandit citizens' were even breaking into food stores and wrecking havoc throughout the city.

On December 6, a United Press report from Copenhagen told of similar rumblings in the interior of Russia following Soviet air force losses in Finland. The United Press story stated that the Soviet's failure to resume aerial bombing of Helsinki was due to the 'disorganization' of the Soviet air force.

Now that matters have come to a head, many reports coming to American in the past are beginning to assume an air of authenticity. Stories that were dismissed as biased or as anti-Stalinist propaganda now become persuasive strokes of a vivid picture of Soviet demoralization.

Along in August 1939 growing

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rumors took on definite form in an article in the White Russian paper *Rossiya* of Sofia. In the past *Rossiya* had launched some questionable stories, but its evaluation of the situation now carries persuasion and is bulwarked by news from other sources. According to that anti-Stalinist paper, the Russian Government was reluctant to mobilize because of discontent within the régime. At about the same time the Norwegian paper *Tidens Tegn* published an interview with a correspondent recently returned from the Soviet, in which he said:—

> What strikes one in the U.S.S.R. are the opposing interests of the government and the people. The government is concerned chiefly with perpetuating its power by any means available. Open and underground resistance is apparent everywhere and sabotage is practiced by the entire population.
>
> The fact that mutiny has not broken out in the regular army is due to the presence of 400,000 members of the OGPU, armed to the teeth with all sorts of weapons. This unit is made up 90 per cent of Party members.
>
> An order of mobilization issued by the government would be its last order.

Russia's troubles began almost with the inception of the Soviet State. The various conflicting elements in that state have never coalesced. The fundamental weakness of the present government lies in the fact that the Bolshevist Party, which is the foundation of its power, represents such an infinitesimal portion of the Russian masses. Because it is a weak minority party, the Stalinist hegemony is compelled to maintain itself by means of armed force. The Soviet régime was born in fear and nurtured on hate, hate not only of its internal enemies but of external governments. The foreign government most feared and hated was that of Great Britain, and that antagonism began early in Soviet history and was accentuated by political developments since that time.

The short-lived Brest-Litovsk treaty, so-called because the pact was drawn up in the Polish town of that name, ended hostilities between Russia, as one of the Allies in the war of 1914-18, and the Central Powers. It was repudiated by the other Allies and the Armistice of November 11, 1918, annulled it. By that treaty, Russia ceded to Germany and her allies—Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria—400,000 square miles of territory, including Finland, Esthonia, Courland, Lithuania, Russian Poland, Latvia, and the Ukraine. Russia was to refrain from all agitation against the other signatory powers or interfere with the internal affairs of the ceded areas.

Russia further pledged to cede Russian Armenia to Turkey, evacuate all Turkish territory held by Russia, make peace with the then Ukrainian Republic, surrender her fleet to Germany, and give Germany control of all Russian trade for an indefinite period.

Germany, at the time, held a death grip on Russia. After the Bolshevik revolution of 1917, the Reds sought to take Russia out of the war and, signed an armistice with Germany on December 15, 1917. Negotiations for peace continued until February 18, 1918, when the Bolsheviks finally refused to concede the German terms and simply announced that they had withdrawn from the war in an 'undeclared peace.' Germany, however refused to consider that a state of war no longer existed and overran the

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country, seizing huge quantities of arms, munitions, locomotives and necessary supplies. On March 3, 1918, the Bolsheviks finally signed the treaty of Brest-Litovsk yielding all territory demanded rather than suffer further depredations and having the territory ignominously seized by conquest. German's defeat by the Allies in the same year, however, nullified the entire compact.

As events are progressing in Europe today, it might be said that the Communist-Nazi pact, signed last August, is Brest-Litovsk in reverse, with Red Russia holding Germany by the throat.

The fact that England had her hands full at the moment did not mitigate the Russian feeling.

In the second place, even if the Russians had been able to overcome their old feelings about Britain, a new specter had arisen. A tie-up with England and France involved the possibility of having to fight a real war—and the Russian Government could not afford to chance that danger. Furthermore, it now appears that Russia had a treaty with Germany as early as 1937.

HOWEVER, the Russians did fight, first against Japan and now against Finland. Rumania is next on the schedule. The brave stand of the little Baltic republic had its background in the belief of many military experts that Russia's army is not yet developed to the point where Soviet leaders want to test it in a real conflict. Last August this opinion was clarified by the usually well-informed Moscow correspondent of the Finnish paper *Helsingen Sanomat* who wrote:

> The truth behind the Berlin-Moscow pact, it is revealed in reliable quarters, is that Soviet Russia has discovered two weaknesses—the Stalin régime is growing increasingly unpopular even among the most ardent Communists, and the Russian army has been found to be exceedingly weak following the conflict along the Mongolian border, where planes, tanks and guns were tried and found wanting. In almost a panic, therefore, the Council of Commissars, looking askance at a powerful Germany, joined their erstwhile foes rather than fight them.

It is important to remember that Russia's adventures have not been wars in the accepted sense. She fought with Japan over an unimportant boundary and can scarcely be said to have covered herself with glory. It is interesting to read an account of the Changkufeng Hill struggle as reported in *Vega*, a journal published in Shanghai. The following is an interview gotten from a captured Russian soldier named Nacharoff:—

> At the beginning of the fight I thought Japan would perish, because we were told she was worn out by the struggle with China. This opinion was shared by the majority of troops. The commander issued an order that the Hill should not be abandoned and that all who deserted would be shot.
>
> Nevertheless after a short time our troops retired. How it happened I do not know. I think the officers gave up hope of victory.

Following that unpleasant experience, the Stalin Government evidently decided that Japan was too tough a nut to crack, and backed down completely. Shortly thereafter came the famous change in Soviet policy which culminated in the Soviet-German non-aggression pact. Stalin has made prodigious efforts to paint his nation

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as 'peace-loving.' The fact is that peace is a necessary prerequisite for his continuance in power. But so is fighting.

The government lost face by the turn of events both in Asia and in Europe and the Soviet government was haunted, by the end of Summer, with the necessity of creating a situation which would alleviate the growing discontent at home. Nothing could be better than an exploit abroad. So Stalin transformed the Russian Bear into a German buzzard which was to pick the bones of a prostrate Poland. That accomplished, he faced another problem.

A million or more men were armed and equipped, after a fashion, to hold the gains in Poland. This army became a white elephant on Stalin's hands. The OGPU reported trouble in the ranks. The eyes of the average soldier were opened by the superior food and equipment of the Polish forces. He failed to see all the 'capitalist starvation and exploitation' he had been told about. The Russian government decided it would not be quite safe to call this army home after it was no longer needed in Poland. And the new recruits in Russia were far from happy. So an adventure in the Baltics, that age-old Russian goal, so long in prospect, was decided upon.

But if Japan was tough, Finland is proving Russia's master. The result to date totals thousands of casualties, scores of planes and tanks lost, untold numbers of Russians taken prisoner and victory only for the enemy. Russia is now urging the Finns to accept 'peace.'

Now the Kremlin thinks Rumania would be easier. But the possibility exists that Rumania would defeat them very handsomely. Stalin needs a few glowing victories, however, so he must go on trying., If he stops the powder-keg on which the Russian government sits may explode.

To complicate matters still further, Italy and Hungary are aroused, and Germany is beginning to sound off in ominous fashion. The *New York Times* has information from its correspondent in Moscow to the effect that the staff of the German embassy there is completely opposed to the betrayal of Finland by Herren Hitler and Ribbentrop. Russia had hoped that Germany would be so busy in the West that her march into Finland would go unnoticed. But evidently it has only served to create the biggest rift in German political circles since Hitler came to power.

Italy is opposed to Russia because of a conflict of interest in the Balkans, and Hungary for the same reason, as well as the blood tie between Hungary and Finland. Today people in the streets of both Italy and Hungary are shouting, 'Finns Resist!' So Russia may have increased her difficulties rather than mitigated them through coöperation with Hitler.

Still, the government cannot get rid of that powder-keg on which it sits, mass grumbling. It seems that that discontent with things as they are is a peculiarly Russian commodity and will have to be reckoned with by any government that succeeds the current one. The great danger that lurks around the corner, and that sooner or later will catch up with the Stalin autocracy, is real war. Forced to go from adventure to adventure, Russia cannot avoid involvement in the great world war which is rapidly engulfing all of Europe.

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# Chinese Take Pen in Hand

*By* C. Y. W. MENG

From *China Weekly Review*, Shanghai English-Language Weekly

BESIDES offering hot tea, cotton coats, shoes, towels, canned goods and many other necessities, the Chinese are offering another far more significant comforting article to the rank-and-file of the Chinese national forces now fighting on the various fronts, namely, 'consolatory letters' which, for the lack of any more appropriate characterization, we call 'spiritual food' for China's defenders. The writing of such letters is by no means compulsory; it is entirely voluntary and optional and therefore a barometer of Chinese public sentiment.

On June 30 of last year, the Political Affairs Department of the National Military Affairs Council, the Publicity Board and the Service Department of the Kuomintang Central Headquarters, the Kuomintang Headquarters of the Municipality of Chungking, and the National Comforting Headquarters jointly launched a '500,000-Letter Movement.' All the letters were to be sent to the soldiers. at the front. The movement gained a quick response from all circles. The *Mass Resistance Weekly* (a literary and independent paper, edited by two famous national salvation leaders), the *Hsin Hua Jih Pao* (official organ of the Chinese Communist Party) and other bodies all took part in the movement. We were reliably informed that before the expiration of the 500,000-mark, the *Mass Resistance Weekly* headed the list with 130,000 letters alone, while the *Hsin Hua Jih Pao* came next.

These letters come from all walks of life, including students, merchants, laborers, government employees, policemen, writers, pastors, women, children, members of the People's Political Council and others in every corner of the country, both from war districts and the most remote and rural places.

I read many of these letters. Some are lengthy, others more concise and brief. But all are fairly representative and expressive of the prevailing public sentiment.

All the letters began by addressing the intended recipients as 'Our Beloved Generals and Soldiers,' 'Our Most Beloved and Reverenced Generals and Soldiers.' 'Our Dear Heroic Killing-the-Enemy Generals and Soldiers,' etc. The writers of these letters always concluded by calling themselves 'Your Comrades on the War Front in Future,' 'Your Successors to Fight on the Battlefield,' etc.

In one letter, apparently written by a child, the writer said: 'I hate myself for being too young and unable to fight together with you on the battlefield to drive out this pirate (Japan) from our national territory

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. . . But I wish to assure you that we are doing our part, too . . . We have organized the Children's Service Corps to fight for the final victory with you!'

In another 3,000-word letter addressed to 'Our Dear Killing-the-Enemy Generals and Soldiers,' a man of 74, after expressing his admiration of the gallantry with which the Chinese defenders are opposing the invaders, went on to say that the whole nation is now fighting against Japan like one man, and that while the enemy is walking the path of self-destruction, China is heading toward the final victory.

In another letter, an arsenal worker informed the Chinese defenders at the front that the Chinese arsenals are working day and night to turn out sufficient gasmasks to equip every member of the Chinese forces. The same letter also explained that the reason why the Chinese defenders do not resort to the use of poison gas is that 'the Chinese armies are civilized armies, and they do not like to commit such atrocities.'

Therefore, these letters serve many useful purposes: First, to show the high esteem of the nation for the defenders who are fighting to oppose the invaders; secondly, to tell them what is going on in the rear during war time; thirdly, to give them spirit and courage; fourthly, to inform them about the present conditions of the enemy, as the people in the rear have more time to study the situation.

The quick response to the call for 500,000 consolatory letters, together with the enthusiasm manifested by the people, is conclusive evidence that the whole Chinese nation is now devoting itself to the war and that 450,000,000 people are now determined to fight to the last.

## The Flesh-Scraper

If I had sight enough
Might I not find a finger-print
Left on this flint
By Neolithic man or Kelt?
So knapped to scrape a wild beast's pelt,
The thumb beneath, fingers above,
See, my hand fits it like a glove.

Andrew Young, in the *Nineteenth Century*, London

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# WASHINGTON LETTER

## *F. D. R. Declines to Run*

*By* RAY TUCKER

ALTHOUGH Mr. Roosevelt in his rare public utterances on a third term has chosen a policy of coyness, the plain fact is that the President will not run again, and that any mildly industrious inquirer at Washington could have so determined several weeks ago. Having stated that, it should also be stated that Mr. Roosevelt may be induced to change his mind, but that he is not likely to do so.

Loyal Rooseveltians who know the President's mind on this subject are demoralized. The thought of losing their gay and gallant candidate spells for them the doom of the era of liberal reform and—more important—the loss of their jobs. They are now engaged in a frantic attempt to persuade him that he must stand for reëlection, or at least defer any formal renunciation until they have had a chance to scare up a substitute.

Mr. Roosevelt gives them scant comfort, however. It is true that he has not yet renounced renomination publicly, but he has found means to notify important and interested politicos that he will not be available.

While discussing 1940 with Senator George W. Norris, a Capitol Hill crony, he said in a weary voice that he 'could not stand the day-by-day battering of another four years in this office;' he confessed that 'the strain was too much.' When the Nebraska progressive remonstrated, arguing that 'circumstances beyond your control may force you to run,' Mr. Roosevelt vouchsafed no answer. Only recently he told another member of the Senate—a man who happens to be a candidate himself—that 'It would not do for me to run again.' Mr. Roosevelt apparently meant that any attempt to violate the third-term tradition in these days of dictators and *blitzkrieg* would prove injurious to the nation and the Democratic party.

Indeed, the Chief Executive appears to be so determined to eliminate himself that he is assaying the availability of possible successors—Garner, Farley, Hull, McNutt, Wheeler, Clark *et al.* He is talking politics more freely and frankly than at any time since reëlection, thereby furnishing fresh evidence that, barring such unexpected developments as American participation in the European War, he will turn his thoughts and steps toward Hyde Park on the afternoon of January 20, 1941.

In addition to the obvious reasons for the abnegation—his health, the third-term threat to Party solidarity and Democratic victory, the healthy prospect of defeat at the November polls—there are more serious considerations which the politicians are inclined to ignore. The President enjoys a keen historical sense and perspective, as his public papers and private conversation reveal. He is especially anxious that the Roosevelt from Hyde Park shall have a more promin-

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ent niche in the hall of American immortals than his namesake from Oyster Bay.

So it is only natural that the President should be thinking of his ranking in history rather than of his place on another political ticket. He must realize—and he does—that if he can keep the United States out of war, and if the present business upturn persists, he will walk out of the White House and into history's books in a blaze of glory. On the other hand, he must know that the next President —Democrat or Republican—will suffer one of the severest headaches in history. Thus there is every likelihood that he will emulate Calvin Coolidge, who quit while the quitting was propitious and left a legacy of grief to Herbert Hoover.

Mr. Roosevelt does not entertain qualms that an unsympathetic successor will scrap the New Deal *in toto*. No candidate, Democratic or Republican, would dare to run on a platform promising to undo all that the President has wrought. No Democratic aspirant, including the most reactionary, aims to return to the aloof kind of government which existed before the 1929 crash.

Even the Republicans concede the advances inherent in recent social and economic changes, emphasizing chiefly the need for economy, for more efficient administration, for a keener regard for the interests of business and industry. When such an arch-Tory as former Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania endorses such reforms as the NLRB, the SEC and the AAA—which he did in a recent address hinting at his senatorial candidacy—it demonstrates that the Roosevelt earthquake has penetrated the thick walls and undermined the foundations of the Union League Club.

Lastly—and this is a governing consideration in Mr. Roosevelt's new outlook—he will leave behind a liberalized Supreme Court to stand guard over his major reforms. It has already upheld the fundamental laws upon which the New Deal structure rests, but it can perform an even more important and preservative function in the years ahead. It can insure that liberal administration is not vitiated by revised regulations or a changed philosophy on the part of new personnel, as Woodrow Wilson's Federal Reserve System was perverted from its original purposes under the régimes of Presidents Harding, Coolidge and Hoover.

The four Roosevelt appointees to the high tribunal—Justices Reed, Black, Douglas and Frankfurter—are young enough to have a reasonable expectation of fifteen or twenty years on the bench. It is probable that the existing vacancy will be filled with a comparative youngster, thus assuring liberal control until they die or the ripening years, as they are wont to do, harden their arteries and their attitudes. By that time, however, the Roosevelt reforms may have become embodied in our basic thinking and acting, and a wholly new set of problems may be confronting America. For the next generation the President's philosophy will find expression through the court. That prospect definitely conditions his reaction to third-term suggestions.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S thoughts are not so pleasant, however, when he scans the roll of Democrats

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yearning to move into the White House when he moves out. Wanting a Democratic triumph next November if only as a vote of confidence in himself and his Administration, he is beset with fears that none of the candidates mentioned thus far can win at the polls.

Here are his comments on the leading Democratic hopefuls as collected from an ensemble of White House callers to whom he has unburdened his 1940 reveries:

Garner:—'I love Jack, and I think he can get the nomination under certain circumstances, but I don't think he can be elected. There are too many powerful voting groups which do not like him.'

Farley:—'Jim wants second place on the ticket, but I can't forget what Cardinal Mundelein said to me shortly before he died. "Yes," he said, "we want a Catholic in the White House some day, but we want him to go in there by the front entrance, not the back door." That goes for Frank Murphy, too.'

McNutt:—'I have not given him the green light.' To some visitors Mr. Roosevelt expressed irritation that the swashbuckling Hoosierite and his campaign managers are spreading the impression that he was the Administration's fair-haired boy.

Bennett Clark:—'He's out. Too reactionary.'

Senator Burton K. Wheeler:—'I feel friendly toward Burt, but I am hardly a Wheeler booster.'

Mr. Roosevelt has never commented directly on Cordell Hull's candidacy, but the President apparently feels that his Secretary of State is better qualified for a Cabinet post than for an executive job. With the exception of trade treaties, which Mr. Hull handles exclusively, Mr. Roosevelt acts as his own Secretary of State. He permits the benign Tennesseean to negotiate reciprocal tariff agreements to his heart's content, presumably on the same theory that leads an indulgent parent to let his son play with blocks. It keeps him out of mischief.

A ROOSEVELT crusader for civic righteousness whose future challenges press and public is Mayor Fiorello Henry La Guardia of New York City. Once regarded as a clowning sensationalist and a near-Communist, his management of the affairs of the world's greatest and most confusing city has won him gradual but grudging admiration from erstwhile critics. Friend and foe now ask: Where will he land after—or if—he finishes his present term, which expires on December 31, 1941?

Mr. La Guardia will not return to the practice of law, for he detests the tediousness of it, and he will not need the money, since he will retire with a pension of more than $11,000. Unless another public office is forthcoming, he prefers to write for the newspapers—a political column—or to teach practical politics and economics in a liberal university. Those were the occupations which he sought in vain in 1933, when he had been defeated for reëlection to the House of Representatives and appeared to be finished as a servant of the people.

The Mayor's New Deal friends, however, foresee a more expansive field for his legislative and administrative talents. They are now engaged in a gentle conspiracy to make him the Democratic vice-presidential

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nominee on a ticket headed by Vice-President Garner or Secretary Hull. They figure that if either of these economic conservatives heads the slate, it will be to his definite advantage to balance it with such a recognized liberal as Fiorello. Moreover, they have reason to believe that President Roosevelt would be more willing to support a Garner or Hull candidacy if it were flavored with the heady sauce of La Guardia liberalism. Whether the hard-boiled organization boys responsive to James A. Farley's voice—he hates La Guardia—would approve such an obviously opportunistic alliance is a question.

Should the Mayor fail of this honor, powerful friends at Washington have an alternative avenue down which he may parade. They believe that, in the event of a Democratic victory next November, they can wangle him a post as Secretary of War or Secretary of Commerce. If the European conflict continues, they think that he can win fresh acclaim as a dynamic apostle of national preparedness. If not, they are confident that, in the Commerce Department, he can make a name for himself in the fierce fight for foreign trade which is sure to be waged in any post-war universe.

And should any of these schemes materialize—the vice-presidency or an assignment at Washington under a one-term President such as Mr. Garner or Mr. Hull would probably be—the La Guardia fans envisage him as their standard-bearer in 1944 against a resurgent Republican Party.

## After The Gale

I pity trees that all their life
Have ivy for a wife
Or with dark mistletoe they bear
Keep Christmas through the year.

So seeing oak-twigs grow on thorn
Where they were never born,
And sprays of ash-keys and pine-cones
Grow on a briar at once,

I blamed the gale that through the night
Had with perverse delight
Quartered rich children on the poor
Like foundlings at their door.

*Nineteenth Century*, London

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Women have all the advantage in matters of delicacy—and in this story they use their power splendidly

# O'Leary's Wig

*By* FERGUSSON MACLAY

From *Carnhill Magazine*
London Literary Monthly

MR. PATRICK O'LEARY stood looking in through the window of Mahon's tiny shop; and cupidity flamed up in his soul. He had never seen such a wig. He raised his hat, and caressed his egg-shaped bald head.

Here he was, nearly at his seventieth birthday, and for thirty-four years his hair had been leaving him. What splendid hair it had been, too. He had never been able to afford a wig. Such things cost money, terrifying sums nowadays—Shamus at the end of the village had paid over three pounds for his. But here, here in the shop window, was a wig, and only fifteen shillings and sixpence. A bargain indeed.

It lay comfortably between a lithograph of one of the Saviors of Ireland, who posed anxiously with one hand negligent on an obviously cardboard pedestal, and a set of bronze fire-irons—Mahon's shop was like that—a tawny wig, with a meticulous parting on one side, and curls shining alluringly when the bright morning sun caught them.

O'Leary scratched his toothless jaw with a contemplative finger. He measured the wig as well as he could in perspective with the span of his hand, and wondered if it would fit. For already, in his mind, it was his. He would have hair again. And he would look at least twenty years younger, instead of appearing quite his age, what with his rheumy eyes, and stiffness, and frequent inarticulation over sibilants.

Fifteen and sixpence. And perhaps not even as much as that. Mahon was difficult, but he was not forgetful of past obligations. There had been the matter of his hens that would not lay until he, O'Leary, had advised on the feeding of them. The hens might take maybe half-a-crown off the price.

Of course, it was a lot of money, even with that. And his wife, Maria—he knew that she would utterly forbid the purchase if she was told. Ah! If she was told. But she did not need

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to be told until he came home with the shining evidence of his wisdom securely on his head.

When O'Leary opened the door of the shop, the tiny bell above the lintel tinkled, and to its summons came Mahon himself, shuffling and peering, wiping his hands on an old cloth, and bringing with him the faint sweet smell of boiling potatoes.

'Ah, 'tis my old friend Mr. O'Leary,' he began conversationally. 'It's fine you are looking today.'

'Ach,' O'Leary was non-committal. 'How are you yourself?'

'Well enough. But my cow is not doing so fine. She is needing a potion, I think. You were wishing . . . '

'Yes—a box of matches.'

A box was whipped from its snug place below the counter.

'Thank you,' and O'Leary turned to go. He hobbled to the door. 'Oh, my friend.' He stopped as though with an after thought. 'Was I seeing a wig in your window?'

'You was.' Mahon became more affable, scenting business on a grand scale.

'It will be for sale?' O'Leary's voice was careless and easy.

'It is.' The shopkeeper's eyes turned sharp under his thick brows.

'It takes my fancy—but, man, you ask too much for it. I was thinking it didn't look over fresh. And on the big side. Was it for the head of a giant, will you tell me?'

'Heh! Ah, Mr. O'Leary dear, it is a wonderful wig.' Mahon bent and thrust a hand through the strip of faded curtain that cut off his window from the shop. 'Look now. Do you see the beautiful hair on it? Why, the king himself would be glad to wear a wig like this.'

O'Leary looked. Yes, at closer view, it was all that he had imagined it to be. Its sheen beckoned with enticement; his fickle mind thought of his youth renewed. He admitted to himself that even his own hair had never been so attractive.

'Well, I would be taking it off your hands. My wife's brother, a pretty man, has long lacked hair—a sad thing for him—and the wig would be making a grand holiday present for him. But the price is too big.'

'Surely not!' Mahon was indignant. 'I tell you, the wig belong to a mad American who lost it last week while he was bathing. It's drowned he was, maybe, poor man. My Rory found it afterwards on the sand when he was out with his shrimp net. But there! I'll be easy with you. If we say . . . fourteen shillings?'

'Done with you!' exclaimed O'Leary in delight. 'But will you keep it for me? I have not all that money with me. If you'll be keeping it until tomorrow, well, my brother-in-law is a fine man, and it is a terrible thing for him to be without hair.'

'But surely, Mr. O'Leary.' And Mahon smiled and nodded.

As he hurried home down the village street, O'Leary caught his reflection now and again in dark windows; and he turned and grimaced, and wagged his finger at his long lean face. He would be a handsome man again. Maria and Maureen . . . Ach, Maureen, his daughter fancied herself too much, with her laughing and pirouetting before mirrors, and her careless ways. There was no consideration for an old man nowadays. But he would be old no longer.

O'Leary felt splendidly capable of dealing with her now. She could no

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longer laugh, and ask her mother why she had married a monkey on a stick. And the next time that young Dennis, on his horse, arrived from Ballycannan to see her, things would happen.

WHEN he reached the cottage, O'Leary went to his bedroom furtively, and opened a drawer in the chest of drawers; he took out a treasured purse. He had just the money, he found, if he went without tobacco for a week, and told his wife that he had lost his pension on the road. She would not believe him, of course, but then did she ever? So that was that.

The money trickled gratefully through his tremulous fingers. Then he turned and saw his daughter watching him from the door, her hands on her hips. Maureen, he always said, was a bud that had blossomed too soon.

'Well, now!' Her voice bit into his ears. 'The old man has his hoard after all. Saving to give us all presents, surely.' The confident irony warned him of disaster. How he hated his daughter then!

'Have I not told you I will not have you bursting in on me like this when I am resting?' O'Leary spoke to gain time, his left hand sliding slowly down to gain the sanctuary of his trouser pocket. Perhaps she had not seen . . . His voice was thick and harsh with suppressed terror. 'Has your father no privacy in his own house?'

'His own house!' Maureen's words were scornful darts. 'Who feeds you? Who work like heifers to keep you in house? Me mother and meself. And this is what you are after doing behind our backs. How much have you there, old miser?'

'Only five shillings—or at most, maybe six, acushla.' O'Leary became endearing and supplicative.

There was a moment's silence. Through in the kitchen, a pot was boiling protestingly; the morning was giving way to the dinner hour. The stillness was complete, yet very fragile. The whole slender structure of the old man's dream was swaying. He bobbed despairingly on a wave of fear. Then Maureen spoke again:

'I don't believe you. The purse is as fat as a sow.'

'Well, the money is mine, is it not?' O'Leary's tone was informed with defiance and weariness. She was his daughter, the devil take her, but she would not spare him, because of the many things that came between them.

Maureen watched him, her eyes bright with thought. Then she said slowly:—

'Come now, I'll be after making a bargain with you.' Her father raised his head. 'You do not like my sweetheart Dennis, tell me?'

'Ach now, I wouldn't be saying such a thing . . .' But she interrupted him.

'But 'tis true enough all the same. You forbid us to marry, and I am a dutiful girl to you, and will not. But—if you were to keep your money, and tell my mother that, after all, you would not be raising objections to a wedding . . . He would make a fine son for you.' And Maureen smiled slowly—as a cat must smile, O'Leary thought.

So that was it. Blackmail, corruption, and in his own house. She was clever, too. A faint sense of pride was stifled in overpowering indignation. Yet, could he do as she asked—or could he lose his wig?

But no! Maureen should not have

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that rascally waster for a husband. A million times no. He would take the words out of that she-cat's mouth. He would, with a magnificent gesture, hand over the money to his wife, and tell her that it was all for her that he had saved so much. Besides, he need only give her five shillings or so.

'No!' he shouted at his daughter. 'I would rather strangle you with me own hands than you should marry that—that . . .' and the words bubbled in his throat in his anger, and he ran through to the kitchen, past her, and out into the little garden where his wife was working at the turnips.

MRS. O'LEARY'S face was etched by the sun and the wind into wrinkles that spread down to her neck. Her hair hung, tape-like, from under a golfing cap. She was a quiet woman, bred to economy, and easy-going. She still loved her husband, but she understood him, too.

'Yes, Pat?' she questioned him, leaning on her hoe. She could only suppose that he was hungry.

'Yes, Maria.' He came panting to her side. 'I have something to give you.' He stopped as a fading vision of the wig floated before him. Then: 'Here—take it all, fifteen shillings and sixpence. Quick woman.' And he thrust the purse into her hand. 'It is for your birthday.'

'It will be honest money?' she asked, at last.

She was an admirable woman, but he could have struck her in his rage and disappointment. 'Ach, to be sure, woman.'

'But it is not my birthday, nor will be for a while yet.' She was determined to get to the bottom of the miracle.

'It will be doing for your last, then.' For a moment, O'Leary felt a righteous glow in him. Maria deserved the money, after all. He tried to pull himself erect.

'Have I not been a good husband to you, Maria? It is cruel you are to think that I should be forgetting such an important event as your birthday.' And as he shuffled off, she called to him that his dinner was ready, but he never even turned his head.

The shimmering brown road creaked under his feet as he walked. He did not care where he went. He told himself that if he hadn't the wig —at least, Maureen would not have her Dennis. The affair was ended. And yet, what did it matter? How easily one got tired nowadays. Was he not just a vain old fool? New hair was of little account without new legs, without a new heart, without—so many things needed to he new in him.

This Dennis, now. He had a farm, and three cows—if Maureen was to be believed. He could be useful for tobacco, and for a few shillings now and again, and such things—as a son-in-law.

Ah, well. He was hungry all of a sudden. Perhaps it would be sweetbreads for supper. . . .

He came back late, and entered the kitchen slowly, like a blind man in a strange street. He was resigned to an existence which he had thought for a moment that morning he was going to leave behind.

His wife was at the hearth, turning pancakes. She was a worker, that woman.

He felt grateful for his chair, for soft slippers; for the promise of food.

Maureen sat at the spread table,

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spinning her knife idly round and round on her plate. O'Leary said that it might rain later. It was his offering to peace.

His wife glanced round, smiling at him.

'Patrick,' she said softly. 'I am grateful to you. You haven't remembered me for a long time.'

'Ach, woman.' The old man was suddenly uncomfortable. Neither had he, come to think of it. She was a sweet woman, too, his wife. He moved heavily in his chair. How tired he was—and how useless, and helpless.

He looked at his daughter. She smiled at him. Always laughing, that girl. But handsome, like himself used to be. Oh, well; she could have her Dennis.

'Patrick,' began Maria, as she dished the pancakes. 'Maureen was just telling me what you were saying to her this morning. It was clever of you to be keeping the secret so well. I got the finest surprise a woman ever had.'

O'Leary raised his head, shining with pathetic baldness. He looked again at Maureen, and she laughed outright, and nodded to him ever so slightly.

'Now! Will you have the gracious goodness to tell me what . . .' he began.

'Maureen is saying that you told her how long you had been saving the money for me—eh, Maureen?'

'Aye. Father, you remember?' Maureen spoke to him as she had never spoken before. 'You were wishful to buy a perfume, but I said that our mother would be wanting the money to spend as she wanted herself.'

Then O'Leary understood.

'Maria,' he said, ' 'twas nothing but what you deserved, and Maureen will be saying the same. Ah, girl?' And he smiled and winked largely—the first smile since he had stood at Mahon's window that morning.

'But hurry with your supper, acushla. That young Dennis must be in a great state about seeing you.' And he winked again, the father of all winks. O'Leary and his daughter looked at each other. Then she rose, and came round the table to him, and when he looked up at her, she kissed him.

'Me lord, I am greatly obliged to you,' and she curtsied, and was off with a twinkle of heels.

'Patrick,' Maria sat down opposite him. 'He is not a bad young man, what with his farm and all. She might do a lot worse for herself. But I am thankful to you, for I have always liked him.'

Then Maria put her hand into the capacious pocket of her apron. 'I'll not wish you to be angry with me for being a spendthrift,' she continued. He looked at her in dismay. What a day this had been.

'I can't be angry any more,' he murmured.

'Well . . .' his wife hesitated, and she smiled to herself. 'I was in Mahon's shop this afternoon after matching a piece of ribbon. He said that if I cared to take away the wig you had been talking to him about . . . So I just said yes, and paid him the money . . . Here!'

She laid a white box on the table. He opened it slowly, and the wig shone and smiled at him.

And O'Leary rose, to bend and kiss his wife, a thing he had not done for a long time.

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South America seeks remedy for her economic ills through industrialization

# Pan-America Faces World War Problems

*By* P. GONZALEZ ALBERDI

Translated from *Orientación,* Buenos Aires Liberal Weekly

IF THE program outlined at the recent Pan-American Conference in Panama could be carried out in practice, it might prevent serious repercussions of the European war in Latin America, and particularly in the Argentine. Among other important clauses, this program includes certain measures which would loosen the hold of foreign imperialism on South American economy.

Generally speaking, the Conference arrived at certain agreements intended to maintain American neutrality and to assure the belligerents' respect for the South American continent. By creating a vast safety zone forbidden to belligerent vessels, by exempting food from the category of war contraband, and by condemning the practice of 'blacklists,' the Panama Conference took the first steps to safeguard the continuance of South American trade. But this is not enough. The European countries, and particularly England and Germany, have played a large part in the commerce of Latin America. Great Britain has been the Argentine's principal market, both for exports and imports, and Germany has frequently occupied second place. Today, trade with some European nations is rendered impossible, and with others it is suffering under extraordinary limitations. This situation means economic paralysis and misery for countries whose entire economy and foreign trade have been orientated in the direction of Europe.

At Panama, the sincere desire for coöperation among the South American Republics has been recognized, and it was urged that all of them enlarge their industries, intensify agriculture and develop commerce. An advisory committee of financial experts has been formed to solve monetary problems, foreign relations, etc., with a view toward promoting commerce among them.

Increased continental exchange of trade to compensate for the decline of trade with Europe is one step toward solution of the problem. In order to

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advance this solution, the Panama Conference has recommended the negotiation of commercial treaties among the Latin American Republics. If the Argentine does not want to witness the paralysis of a great part of her economic life, it is a vital necessity for her to sign a treaty with the United States, over-ruling the opposition of reactionary elements in both countries. But in order for this remedy to be efficacious, it follows that there must be an increase in the consuming capacity of the Latin American peoples. However, if Latin America seriously wants to embark upon the road of economic progress, she must not think that solution lies merely in commercial relations with the United States—the sale of her raw materials to the great Northern Republic in return for industrial products. To the contrary, the Latin American countries ought to profit by the support offered by Sumner Welles to achieve some measure of industralization within their own borders as well as establish reciprocal trade relations on their own continent.

A commission of experts is studying ways and means of creating new industries and credit concessions—presumably to be advanced by the United States—not only for the purpose of fostering commerce but also for the exploitation of natural resources.

THE MAIN prerequisite to normal trade relations among the South American Republics is the increase of the people's purchasing power. In the Argentine the consumption level per person is more than double that of any of the other republics. Yet the low level of salaries in comparison to the high cost of living, and the poverty of the peasants have handicapped her seriously. What should one then say about the Peruvian Republic, the majority of whose population consists of exploited natives whose standard of living cannot be distinguished from that of animals?

The fundamental solution of our economic problem rests in the betterment of living conditions among the great masses of workers. An interior market for agriculture and industry would thus be created, and for this development one can count on the credits offered by the United States. The problem of industrializing our countries depends, in the first instance, upon bettering the conditions of the agrarian population, thereby transforming them into consumers of industrial products. At the same time, the growth of industry would in turn create a great mass of industrial workers who would be consumers of agricultural products.

The Argentine should take advantage of the offer of the United States loans to carry out a vast housing program, aimed at abolishing the *latifundio* and the desert, and advancing the technical level of her agriculture and cattle breeding. Furthermore, at a time when the birth rate is declining at such an alarming pace, it is imperative for us to open the gates to immigration. For example, the Spanish refugees in France constitute a magnificent group of agricultural laborers, workers and technicians who could be utilized in the task of building up our population and developing our agriculture and industry.

In the past, United States bankers have regarded Latin America as a

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place for exploiting raw materials, and have made investments solely for this purpose. Our economic liberation will be achieved only when we enter upon a program of self-industrialization. It is from those quarters of American business who realize that in selling us machinery and industrial articles they are helping us build up our purchasing power, that President Roosevelt will receive his main support against the opposition of the trusts, who are mainly concerned with keeping Latin America a colony.

By means of credit from the United States and a certain measure of capital obtained from some of the Latin American countries, we can now exploit virgin territory. Brazil possesses 21 per cent of the world's iron reserves, and yet she imports practically all of her machinery. Brazilian iron can serve as the basis for a great metallurgical and iron industry in that country. It would find a welcome market in the Argentine which is eager to develop heavy industry, at least until her own iron is discovered. Raw materials, fuel and foodstuffs abound in Latin American countries. It is a question of exploiting them properly, of making them the basis for the development of our national industry, non-existent today, instead of using them merely for export. It is not a matter of moving toward autarchy, but of taking advantage of present circumstances to build up an economy that is independent of the dictates of foreign imperialism.

This is true of our relationship with Great Britain. We should no longer restrict our production in order to maintain high prices to the advantage of British imperialism. Instead, prices should be reduced and surplus products sent to our sister republics. Panama has given us a program for peace and economic progress. However, political liberty is essential if privileged groups are not to sabotage this program.

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# NOTES AND COMMENTS

### Wrong Local Color

Recently in a certain sector of the French front the Germans thought they would give a telling touch to the anti-British texts which they display on placards for the benefit of the poilus. They would appeal to the local patriotism of the troops in line against them, to the *amour du terroir* which is so notoriously strong among the French.

So placards were hoisted composed somewhat as follows:

*'Français du Nord, voulez-vous que vos fermes et vos prairies soient dévastées pour faire plaisir à l'Angleterre?'*

After a while an answering notice board rose from the French positions. It bore three words, *'Sommes du Midi.* We're from the South.'

*Daily Telegraph and Morning Post,*

—London

### No Peace on Earth

The British historian Robert H. Cushing has shown that in the course of 3,521 years humanity has known only 268 years of peace, that is, less than 8 per cent. In the other 3,253 years there have been hostilities in various parts of the world. Professor Thomas P. Murray of Boston, on the other hand, has found that 78 per cent of these wars have broken out in the second six months of the year, 14 per cent between April and June, and only 8 per cent between January and March. This survey shows that peace is an exceptional condition and is but a vacation from war.

—*Weltwoche,* Zurich

### Lesser Evil

At one particularly loud clap of thunder a lady involuntarily and visibly starts. Passing urchin: 'It's all right, lidy. It ain't 'Itler, it's Gawd.'

—Janus, in *Spectator*

### I Am a German

I have been taught to hate Bolshevism, but Stalin is now my friend and protector.

I have been taught that the Baltic is a German lake, but today it possesses more Soviet naval bases than German.

I have been taught that the Berlin-Rome Axis is unbreakable, and that we march side by side with Italy. But we don't.

I have been taught that the British are a gang of decadent fops, who have so maltreated the people of the Empire that they would never again fight for the Mother Country. But they do.

I have been taught that Hitler would never involve the Reich in war again. But he has, and we face the West alone.

I have been taught that by years of sacrifice, by the skill of our chemists and the labors of Hermann Göring, we should be self-sufficient. But we are hungry.

I have been taught that *Lebensraum,* or

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living space, is vital to the Reich, but Hitler has now called all Germans back home.

I have been taught that the Austrians begged for the *Anschluss,* but now they don't seem to want it. And that the Czechs implored the Führer to liberate them from the tyrannous rule of 'that Mr. Benes.' Yet they are seething with revolt.

I have been taught that our air force is incomparable, but night after night the Royal Air Force has flown over our cities without hindrance. What will happen to us all when they start dropping bombs?

I have been taught to read, learn and inwardly digest the Führer's *Mein Kampf,* but now that Comrade Stalin is Master of the Balkans, the Nazi bible is just gibberish to me.

I have been taught to believe in the invincibility of the German Army, but for weeks the French have held positions on German soil.

I have been told that our Generals could easily subdue our foes by *Blitzkrieg* (lightning war), but we now realize that, thanks to Herr von Ribbentrop, we are faced with long years of misery.

—*News Review,* London

## Punch Says

Two yokels in a country pub look long and earnestly at a full-page picture of *Der Führer.* At last one of them says: 'And it says he done it all to save his face. Well, well!'

It was an unkind critic who said that so far this war has been a war to end Warsaw, and to make the world safe for bureaucracy.

*Punch,* London

## No! Never!

And there's the story of the castaways on the desert island. The mate of the boat which had sighted them landed with a bundle of newspapers. 'The skipper suggested you might like to read the news,' he said, 'and then decide for yourselves whether you want to be rescued.'

—*Japan Chronicle,* Kobe

## Nazi Mother Goose

*Said Adolf, 'Kaum*
*Haben wir Lebensraum.'*
*He must have been referring*
*To Göring.*

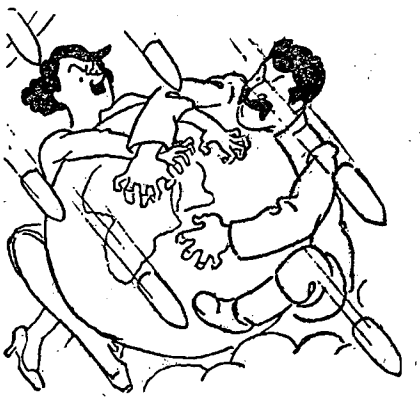
*Dr. Goebbels*
*Just burbles and burbles.*
*His propaganda's no use—*
*The propagoose!*

*Le général Gamelin*
*C'est un méchant gamin.*
*Il frappe les pauvres Boches,*
*Comme un Foch.*

*Belisha*
*Rigs out his militia*
*In headgear more suited to deacons,*
*Or beacons.*

*Josef Stalin*
*Besieged Tallin*
*On the grounds that Estonians*
*Had begun to dress like Old Etonians.*

—Prize-winning poems from a contest in the *Spectator,* London



*De Groene Amsterdammer*

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Helpless to stop Hitler, Il Duce bends his energies toward colonization and domination of his neighbors

# Italy's Living Room

## I. Ethiopia the Golden

Translated from *Pester Lloyd,* Budapest German-Language Daily

CONTRARY to dire predictions in much of the world press, the empire of Ethiopia is finding a ready response from private Italian capital, and Italy and Italians are certain to reap an enormous return from its annexation three years ago. The cost of that annexation in money and materials fades into relative insignificance as the real potentialities of Ethiopia in wealth-production become more apparent. The Duce's expenditure, which to certain misguided observers abroad presaged certain calamity, may be regarded today as an investment of unrealized shrewdness. The wonder now is that anyone believed that Mussolini would expend a sum of such proportions without the foreknowledge that the natives could be controlled, and living conditions made more than tolerable for the field representatives and employes of private capital.

The latest official report from Rome of progress in 16 East-African Empire States shows that more than nine thousand private enterprises have invested a total in excess of 4 billion lira. It should be stressed that the Italian Government has not adopted the vicious nineteenth-century practice of using a colony solely for purposes of squeezing immediate cash out of concessionaires prepared to gamble, or of exploiting natives by the use of the *corvée,* or forced labor, to a degree that the resentment demanded, if its destructive manifestations were to be suppressed, the maintenance of a huge force of military and civilian police, administrators and commercial agents. The State, in this instance, has displayed a genuine regard for the investment welfare of the concessionaires and for native labor. The long view has been taken, and the Government's guiding principle, economically speaking, has been to foster exploitation, step by step,

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only to the degree that such exploitation matches current domestic needs and domestic financial and technical equipment.

After the conquest of the country, the Italian administrators soon recognized that such exploitation as the Negus had permitted had been primitive in the extreme, and that colonial development of the land's enormous resources must start from the bottom up.

Native production of raw materials, native industry and agriculture, were conducted in the manner of Biblical times. The first step was to provide communication by road, and by telegraph construction, and this the Government refused to entrust to private enterprise. Already concrete roads totaling 2,500 miles have been laid, and in addition there are 11,000 miles of mountain paths which can be used by motor vehicles. In view of the obstacles presented by unknown terrain and the long and destructive rainy season, the construction in the course of only three years must be regarded as an engineering feat of great magnitude.

The road-building, now complete in its initial stage, has permitted the start of the second step in the economic development of Ethiopia. The immediate problem to be solved was transition from an archaic to a modern monetary system. Another move, not yet completed, was a practical survey of the country's mineral wealth, since those made by agents of Haile Selassie had not touched huge stretches of territory, particularly in western Ethiopia. Private enterprise has interested itself chiefly in hydro-electric installation, coffee cultivation, furs and lumbering. Such exploitation financed by private Italian capital is on a scale that none would have believed possible even a few months ago. Small savings-accounts are included in that private investment. Since the current war in Europe is very substantially improving Italian economy, the nation's income is increasing and some substantial part of that increase will unquestionably be invested in the new Empire. The individual Italian has been sold on the potential yield of Ethiopia. In a personal sense, he feels himself an empire-builder, even if he invests as little as fifty lira.

## II. Eyes to the Balkans

Translated from *Europe Nouvelle,* Paris Political and Literary Weekly

LAST March, Fascist Italy none too enthusiastically approved the German occupation of Czecho-Slovakia. In September, she accepted the partition of Poland. It almost seemed that nothing could change a policy so automatically determined by the exigencies of the Rome-Berlin Axis, whose successive *étapes* are calculated far in advance. The impression is current, however, that the machine no longer functions smoothly. In the meanwhile, Rome has become very active in the Balkans, and here is the key to Italy's new foreign policy.

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With the partition of Poland, Hungary, which since March 1938 has had a common frontier with the Reich, has seen Russia come to the foot of the Carpathians. Hungary has taken pains to reëstablish normal diplomatic relations with Moscow and she has also accelerated her agrarian reforms as insurance against the danger of National Socialism and Communism both at home and from abroad. This new situation has modified Hungary's position in regard to the Axis. Hungarian revisionists have realized their hopes by regaining the territories Hungary had lost to Czecho-Slovakia. After that, they were ready to march on the southeast, toward Transylvania. But things have become complicated. Budapest has profited greatly by the Russian-German agreement, which signified the end of German schemes for an autonomous Ukraine. The territory that threatened to turn into a 'Ukrainian Piedmont' again became a mere Hungarian province. On the other hand, the German hold on Slovakia grew. Now that Hungary must worry about her two powerful and restless neighbors, the problem of Transylvania has receded. Under present circumstances, Hungarian claims on Rumania could never be satisfied even if the Hungarian revisionists were ready to pay the same price as the Slovakian separatists: that of Hungarian independence.

Today, Hungary is psychologically prepared for a policy totally independent from that of the Axis, and this independent policy is actually being advised by one of the partners of the Axis: Italy. We may even go as far as to say that such a policy would be impossible without Italy's coöperation. That such coöperation is forthcoming has been made obvious by the manifestations of Italo-Hungarian friendship that had recently taken place.

Once upon a time Italy was interested in Hungary because the two countries had in common their hostility to the Little Entente. Today, nothing remains of the Prague-Bucharest-Belgrade triangle. But the crumbling of the Little Entente had proved advantageous only to the Reich, and among all the European Powers, it is Italy who had lost the most by its collapse. The Italian policy in Central Europe had one inherent weakness: the fact that it was inspired by hostility toward France. That factor had brought about its failure and enabled Germany to be the one to gather in all the profits. Italy is today more resolved than ever to defend the remains of its former sphere of influence. In an article entitled 'Rome's Frontier on the Danube' a Budapest paper, the *Magyar Nemzet,* recently developed the idea that Italy's main purpose is to prevent the Balkans from falling under the influence of some great Power. This explains, above all, Italy's friendship with Hungary, which in Italy's estimation had ever been a bastion protecting Trieste and the Adriatic.

IT IS well known that Rome has made efforts to push rapprochement between Hungary and Yugoslavia. These two countries have concluded, after prolonged negotiations, an arrangement according to the terms of which the present frontiers are to be maintained; it envisages, besides, the conclusion of a convention dealing with the status of minorities and a non-aggression pact. The only re-

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strictive clause in this agreement is that it should be signed only after the conclusion of a similar agreement between Hungary and Rumania. Attempts at a Hungarian-Yugoslavian rapprochement are not a recent matter, and Italy has always approved of them. But in the past these attempts had been made with the idea of breaking up the Little Entente and isolating Yugoslavia. Poland had, alas, worked in the past with the same purpose in mind, profiting by her excellent relationship with Budapest. Besides, since the Little Entente held in check Hungarian revisionist claims, the Hungarian-Yugoslavian agreement of pre-Munich days would have merely resulted in deflecting Hungarian ambitions toward Czecho-Slovakia and then Rumania. Today, with Rome favoring a Hungarian-Yugoslavian and a Hungarian-Rumanian rapprochement, the situation is considerably changed. Italian policy is no longer directed against Bucharest, and the purpose of any agreement signed in the Danubian region must be to unite Belgrade and Bucharest with a view to safeguarding the now existing frontiers in the Balkans.

During the last few years, Italian-Rumanian relations have been growing steadily worse, since Rumania was part of at least two groups for which Fascist Italy had no use: namely, the Little Entente and the Balkan Entente. The present situation may dictate another line of action to Mussolini. Doubtless, Italy wishes to keep Rumania safely in the bloc of neutral nations which are staying out of the present war. Even the recent dissolution of the Cabinet headed by pro-Italian Argetoianu did not change matters. For Italy's policy, although it aims at weakening the ties between Rumania and the Allies, is not without danger to Germany and the U.S.S.R. England and France do not menace the territorial integrity and independence of any Balkan country. The only possible threat in that direction comes from Germany and the U.S.S.R.; any policy which really promises to retain the *status quo* in the Balkans, or at least, to protect the Balkans from the hegemony of any one great Power is bound to coincide with the Franco-British aims.

The Italian press may make sarcastic comments on the value of the guarantees given to Rumania by Britain and France. Certainly such a guarantee will in itself not suffice to protect Rumania against attack. The only solution is in the enforcement of such a guarantee, rendered more efficacious by Italian coöperation. Italian policy in the Balkans is doomed to failure without French and British cöoperation, and on the other hand, no consolidation of the Balkans' present status is possible without Italy.

The conclusion of the Anglo-French agreement with Turkey might have been expected to get a very bad press in Italy. It did not. Here, too, Italy's attitude had changed for the same reasons as apply to Belgrade, Budapest and Bucharest. Between 1928 and 1931, Rome had favored a Greco-Turkish rapprochement, and Mussolini had personally contributed to friendly relations between the two countries. But this policy had the same underlying weakness as that inherent in Italy's attitude toward the Little Entente. The idyll did not last long. In 1930, Italy had suddenly voiced to the world her intention to

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become a political center of the area extending through all Southeastern Europe, from Hungary to Turkey, through Albania, Rumania, Bulgaria and Greece. After the expression of such ambitions, the relations between Rome, Athens and Ankara had cooled considerably. The invasion of Albania, the Dodecanese question and the memories of Italian ambitions in Asia Minor had multiplied mistrusts and misunderstandings. But this antagonism is gone. Italy has gone out of her way to reassure Greece about her intentions. Her friendliness to Athens in other days would have been construed as a maneuver directed against Turkey and the Western democracies.

Now, however, that the factors in the Balkan equation have been changed, this is no longer true. It is felt that 'The true danger for Turkey is the same as for the rest of Europe: Bolshevist Russia. We both want security in Eastern Mediterranean. That is why it is of advantage to Turkey to have an understanding with Italy.' This also sums up the way Italy feels about the independence of the Balkans. It is a basis on which a Turko-Italian agreement may well be built and yet not be in contradiction with the Ankara-London-Paris pact.

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A lawyer warns that crack-pot thinking in the Golden State may ease the way for reckless demagogues

# California Faces Totalitarianism

*By* WALTER C. FRAME

TOTALITARIANISM will not come to America with the posturing of a Fritz Kuhn. Besides, that gentleman's sins have caught up with him. The idea of a totalitarian State will be sold to the United States upon local issues and local causes. It was not the brown shirt and the Swastika that sold Nazism to Germany. It was the desire to live again in that particular place in the sun most appealing to the German mind—the desire to play Siegfried and kill dragons to the full brass of Wagner. Hitler could never have risen had there not existed a potent yeast in the German character. Totalitarianism is a symptom, not a disease.

American totalitarianism is arising upon a different swell, but like Fascism abroad the cause is purely domestic. It is not recognized because it has not yet coalesced; but the yeast is working, and the political absurdity of today may be the tragic reality of tomorrow.

The focus of this infection lies in California where, since the time of Henry George, climate and social conditions have contrived to produce strange genii from black bottles. It is no more strange that the Townsend Plan and Thirty Dollars Every Thursday should develop from Los Angeles than that Mormonism and the Millerites, and a thousand other sects, should have arisen from the barren areas of New York City in the last century.

Culturally and economically, Southern California is the barren area of our time. In this miasmic swamp of sentiment, any proposal may be regarded as practical. Whether this advocacy of the impossible is an effect of nearby Hollywood, a result of the very real economic distress of the people, or a combination of both, cannot be analyzed here. But upon that coastal plain alone, the voice of Senator Sheridan T. Downey is a voice from Sinai; and any scheme that promises bread and circuses without

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physical effort is greeted with sponsorship, following and uproarious cheers.

Los Angeles subdivisions have been settled with retired Middle Western farmers, storekeepers, and other bourgeois refugees from eastern winter. To these new men the progressive spirit California had shown (sporadically, it is true) since the minor revolution of 1879 and the Johnson administration was as the mutterings of a strange cult. Calvin Coolidge was in the White House, interest rolled in from invested capital; all was right with the world. The heavily subsidized Southern California football team was showing more naïve and disingenuous colleges what the power of invested capital can accomplish, and the Philharmonic Orchestra played *The Nutcracker Suite* endlessly in the Hollywood Bowl, to prove that culture as well as capital nestled between the Sierra Madre and the sea.

Los Angeles was a cheap and easy place in which to live, if one had a little money. An industrious Chamber of Commerce had long ago frightened away union activity north of the Tehachapi, and labor could be had for whatever sum an employer's conscience would make him pay. The employer had a vast reservoir of Mexican peons to flood the unskilled labor market. Japanese and Filipino labor could be thrown into the scales, and the higher brackets could be filled with disappointed thespians frozen out of Hollywood, and the sons and daughters of the migrant bourgeosie who could exist upon small returns from their employment, being underwritten by their families.

Los Angeles is a city of six-story churches, for the word of God is strong in the land, and politicians charm the citizenry with vivid quotations from the Old Testament. The demagogue must exploit 'manna' and 'milk and honey' before he may speak of 'ham and eggs,' now fortunately buried for a while. All night long great electric signs spell out the motto 'Jesus Saves' from the roofs of tall buildings, like the turning of a Tibetan prayer-wheel. Yet the spirit of God moves slowly. In Los Angeles thousands of farm girls, attracted by Hollywood and tricked into prostitution, give the town a lively night life. The good and the holy shun the precincts of the other town.

Into this Antioch the turning cycle of business depression came like a major earthquake. Those houses built upon the shifting insecurity of Midwestern mortgages came tumbling to their foundations. Wolves bayed on Wilshire Boulevard and packs hunted from Southgate to Beverly Hills. The closing of bank doors in Peoria and Davenport closed doors of homes in Glendale and Holmby Hills. By 1933 the inhabitants of this Zion were in a precarious condition. The Midwestern bourgeosie were hungry. The parasites who fed upon them were hungrier still. They mumbled over each other's bones and dreamed of a happier day.

In this spirit they fell upon the political body of the Republican Party, to which they had long been attached, and tore it limb from limb. In this spirit they listened to the anæsthetic voice of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and overnight became Democrats for all that the Democratic Party had to offer them. They remained Democrats until other siren voices offered

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them more bread and better circuses.

In this arena of real privation it was inevitable that there should be dreams of salvation and prophets of Utopia. The Communists tried and failed, largely because they were too stupid to realize that they must adopt the peculiar idiom and dialectic of the people. They could not and did not introduce Karl Marx to the tune of *Old Hundred*. The disciples of this poor substitute for sanity obtained their greatest success in Hollywood. They gathered dollars and converts in Beverly Hills where pseudo-intellects had taken to reading books with the hard words conveniently cut into syllables. The motion picture colony had tired of Mammon in the same way that ancient courtesans are said to have tired of sin. The Communists offered a new sauce for jaded appetites.

The good gray doctor saw it first. Every subsequent aberration of the pension scheme was a refinement of Doctor Townsend's specific for the diseases of age. Composed of snake oil from a native compound, presented with prayer and hymn tunes, it had the authentic old American flavor. The Townsend plan required the hot desert sun to incubate its potency, but Maine and Ohio and Iowa and Massachusetts recognized it immediately. It was as Yankee as clam chowder and baked beans, as Midwestern as chicken and roasting ears. The Plan, like all its successors, had a delightful element of inflation, evoking tender memories of Free Silver and the Cross of Gold.

WHENEVER an economic windmill was needed a Don Quixote during the past two generations, Mr. Upton Sinclair has mounted the first available Rosinante and charged. Mr. Sinclair has tasted of life in every direction from the Stockyards to Harmony Hall; and although Mr. Sinclair has ever declared the taste to be bitter, there has been an accompaniment of lip-smacking.

The E.P.I.C. plan was a great triumph for a man who had written fiction for years. It was a strictly streamlined Utopia, shining with stainless steel, and the wail of its Calliope could be heard for miles. This shining novelty took the Democratic Party of California into camp, and since then the party has ceased to exist as a party. Democracy in California is a combination of forces and pressure groups in liquid form, jelling only upon certain issues. Upton Sinclair captured the Democratic nomination in 1934 upon a ridiculous platform of vague and confusing promises. It was the perfect example of the principle of boring from within, and it must have shamed the Communists on whose patent in this field of holy endeavor he was infringing.

The leaders of the State Democratic Party, who had irrigated that rather barren garden with their tears and who had fertilized it with the bones of their political martyrdom, were cast aside. In the year when they could count upon a harvest after forty years of drought, there was a new gardener with the keys of Eden in his pocket. He locked the gates against them and chose new men. In this vineyard were two disappointed attorneys, Mr. Sheridan Downey of Sacramento, and Mr. Culbert Olson of Los Angeles. Mr. Downey was a perfect politician for the New Era, a weather-vane so delicately set to the

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winds of doctrine that he responded to the first faint sigh of any political disturbance. Mr. Olson was an immigrant from the State of Utah—an ex-advocate of Free Silver, an exhorter of lost causes and a man whose noble brow and silver hair made an excellent front for whatever group desired his talents.

The third member of this new general staff was Ellis E. Patterson, a schoolteacher, an attorney, a Republican, a Democrat and, like Autolycus, a picker-up of many little gadgets in the way of causes. Ambitious and not over concerned with details, he is still the idol of California crack-pots. Patterson was willing to endorse anything that promised a vote from the Non-Partisan League of labor to Ham and Eggs.

The campaign of 1934 was particularly noisy and particularly unintelligent. The unhorsed Democrats sought shelter with the shattered cavalry of the Republican Party, which was faced with the necessity of opposing Utopia with the stolid but not imposing figure of one Frank F. Merriam, a refugee from Iowa. Mr. Merriam was pictured on billposters as rather sheepishly protecting small cottages from the advances of mobs armed with red flags and fizzling bombs. The combat proceeded upon this intellectual plane until the bright banners of Utopia Ltd. were brought to the dust.

Mr. Sinclair returned to Pasadena and the development of a purely fictional democracy in a fictional Spain. Mr. Olson rose on the wave to the State Senate and Mr. Patterson found himself in the Assembly. Mr. Downey made note that there was a senatorial contest in 1938.

In the City of the Angels, the parasites were still hungry. All of the rackets, legitimate and otherwise, were monopolized by syndicates. It was under the pressure of this real necessity that the Retirement Life Pension idea was born. It apparently came from the fumes of stale cooking in a Los Angeles cafeteria. It contained the same bland disregard for the processes of law and government and the same ignorance of the ABC's of economics as entertained by an Austrian paper-hanger now busy hanging crepe upon the walls of Europe.

The pension scheme was designed to be above all laws, including those of gravity and, like the Townsend Plan which preceded it, the Ham and Eggs opus was nicely calculated to save the 'retired engineers' who constructed it from the necessity of continuing to practice their profession. Since it promised everything for nothing, it grew with amazing speed. Since it charmed with gospel tunes and Biblical reference, it was peculiarly acceptable to immigrants from the Middle West who populate Los Angeles.

From that nucleus the wildfire spread swiftly over the Tehachapi until everyone of fifty who had no investments and to whom work in any form was abhorrent had fallen under its spell.

IN THIS atmosphere the election of 1938 occurred. Again the name of the Democratic Party was stolen by a force which could not be controlled by the remains of the Party. The head of Senator McAdoo, who was one of the chosen, rolled in the sawdust. The successful nominees were those willing

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to endorse Ham and Eggs. Downey endorsed the Pension Plan. He endorsed all pension plans. Olson endorsed Ham and Eggs, but with less shrillness. There are no exclamation points in the Olson character; he moved with infinite care but nevertheless he endorsed Ham and Eggs. Finally, Patterson championed the pension scheme. He was posing as a champion of the underprivileged and the oppressed, and he was peculiarly attuned to the representatives of the people who could offer him a solid block of votes.

The triumvirate responded to pressure like a balloon to gas. (If Adolf Hitler visited Wilshire Boulevard tomorrow, all three should be found in tall hats and striped trousers waiting to greet him to California.) And Ham and Eggs elected all three to public office—Ham and Eggs combined with the remnants of the Democratic Party and the loose liberal vote. The subsequent political antics of these representatives of the people illustrate the danger of the situation to California.

Assuming for a moment that one of the three possessed a latent statesmanship and sincere regard for the welfare of the State of California, a translation of that desire into action is impossible. There is no party in power to present and act upon a program. There is neither purpose nor cohesion in the bloc of pressure groups which form the Democratic Party. Ham and Eggs will not support any program which may attack its reason for existence even though the pension plan it advocates was defeated at the polls last November. Labor's Non Partisan League will not support a political action which might conceivably affect the C.I.O. leaders who control it. All of these pressure groups have programs but these programs are mutually contradictory.

How many people still support Ham and Eggs cannot be told, but these supporters represent the greatest danger the State of California has ever faced. These people represent the migrants, tremendously reinforced in recent years from the Dust Bowl of the Middle West. They have no interest vested or otherwise in the State of California. Politically and economically illiterate, they will follow any bandwagon if it leads to a circus with free beer.

If these people can embrace Ham and Eggs seriously, as they have, they can be sold totalitarianism, Communist or Nazi variety. They can be sold the idea that bankers and Jews are the cause of their personal discomforts. They can be sold any idea of sharing the wealth and dividing the spoils. They can be taught to rob banks and sack cities by means of the ballot. They can be taught class or race or creed hatred by anyone unscrupulous enough to unchain the beasts that are imprisoned in every political body. The leaders of California profess to be looking off to the horizon for the first signs of the Fascist state, but totalitarianism is coming from behind to bite them.

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Stalin's 'educators' work on one section of Poland, Hitler's 'teachers' set about civilizing another

# Poland's New Foreign Dress

## I. Sovietization of Poland

*By* Eugène Schreider

Translated from *Lumière*, Paris Radical Weekly

THE Sovietization of Polish territory newly occupied by the Russian troops is not progressing at too fast a pace. The freshly conquered territories are not yet ripe enough to accept easily the new conditions of life without difficulty. This point is stressed by the Russian press and the Soviet radio broadcasts. The dominating tone is that of enthusiasm, but all kinds of difficulties, both petty and serious are apparent. There is constant mention of bands of officers and scattered detachments of the Polish army still at large, particularly in the vast wooded and swampy regions that have been rendered almost inaccessible by the rains, and in the neighborhood of the Lithuanian frontier. It is also reported by refugees who have succeeded in getting into Hungary that Polish troops are constantly crossing the frontier into the German zone. This at times produces grave incidents. The Soviet guards once fired on a detachment of Polish infantry that was trying to get away, and the German soldiers, believing themselves to be attacked, answered. Because of mutual mistrust, the incident almost developed into a battle.

Most places are under martial law. However, Sovietization is proceeding steadily, with everything that it implies, liquidation of 'capitalistic elements,' that is to say, the merchants, industrialists, landowners, and the 'Kulaks;' the systematic removal of former officials and municipal councils, the substitution of a workers' and peasants' militia for the Polish police. *Komsomolskaya Pravda* has stated that changes in administration have been made easy by the Polish authorities themselves. Blacklists were found containing the names of individuals suspected of harboring sympathies toward the Soviet régime. Thanks to these files, it was possible to organize quickly new cadres of 'activists' who are charged with maintaining the new régime. These new authorities, who had been saved from prison and persecution by the Red

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Army, are at present conscientiously hunting down the remnants of the Polish aristocrats and proprietors of the large estates, most of whom had been surprised by the invasion. However, the Soviet military authorities are holding a firm rein on these activities.

Existing peasant organizations are being used for establishing a sort of collective responsibility. They are being held responsible for agricultural work and have been given a hand in distributing the Polish property. City administration is being run by a provisional organization composed of a chairman appointed by the Army and three members appointed by him. Usually one of the four is a member of the NKVD (usually known as OGPU) and it is he who apparently is charged with the actual task of Sovietization, while his colleagues are occupied with everyday routine problems.

The new authorities depend largely on the system of public assembly to transmit their decisions to the public. Large meetings are held to which sometimes are invited proprietors of factories and commercial houses. This gives the proceedings the appearance of autonomy. The Soviet régime is proceeding cautiously, testing the ground at every step.

The fact that they have to deal with several millions of men who only yesterday were subject to the very powerful influence of the Church has led to a certain revision in the religious policy of the Soviets. *Bezbozhnik*, the organ of the Soviet Union atheists, explains that Soviet Russia will have nothing to do with the 'senseless and noisy anti-clericalism of the anarchists.' It emphasized the fact that the 'great exponents of Leninism and Stalinism have always felt it necessary to rebuke the atheists who believed it necessary to fight religion at all costs,' so that precautions were taken not to offend, too early in the game, these new members of the Soviet State. However, that does not mean that measures, and severe ones, are not being taken against the clergy, particularly those of Catholic faith, although the Protestants have not been spared either.

But Sovietization of Poland has been retarded by other factors, too. In the occupied territories there are a multitude of political parties, and it will doubtless be difficult for the people immediately to accept the one-party system. The Communist Party of Poland was dissolved long ago, so that in the new territories there are no experienced, militant Communists ready to take over. Besides, the working class is divided into groups that will be hard to reconcile with Communism.

These delicate problems are being carefully solved by the central authorities. Very few executions have taken place and the responsibility for them falls on local Communists. Before casting the life of the occupied regions into the Soviet mold, authorities are studying reactions and attempting to gain the confidence of the 'suspect' working elements and intellectuals. It is interesting to note that measures have been taken to prevent contact between the soldiers of the Red Army and the masses of workers and Jews affiliated with the Socialist International. These complications were foreseen in Moscow, where not so long ago strong opposition existed to all annexationist movements.

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That is why the old Polish frontier is maintained, and apart from official ceremonies, relations between the old and the new Soviet territory are not as close as one would expect them to be. A great deal of educational work must precede ultimate Sovietization of the occupied regions.

## II. Germany Steps In

*By* Swan

Translated from *Svenska Dagbladet,* Stockholm Conservative Daily

THE de-Polonization of the Corridor is advancing fairly rapidly. First of all, those Poles who have settled in that district since 1918 are now forced to pull up stakes. The rest of the Polish population will in time be faced with forcible evacuation.

Nowhere can this new migration be better observed than at Gotenhafen (formerly Gdynia), an up-to-date city and port, built by Poland within the last ten years. Gdynia was a purely Polish city, and Gotenhafen is to be a purely German city. The emigration of Poles from Gotenhafen is to be keyed up to such a pace that within a few weeks the whole city is to be swept clean of Poles. The 'entrance' of Germans into the city is to be accomplished much more slowly. The Poles must leave everything behind with the exception of their closest possessions. In effect, this is German confiscation of Polish private property, but the German attitude is that the new Polish State must indemnify the emigrants. These inhabitants of the Corridor, together with thousands of other homeless Poles, will have to seek temporary shelter in wooden huts and camps until they can settle elsewhere. It is to be expected that large Polish estates will be expropriated to provide a livelihood for millions of Poles who have been dispossessed because Poland lost the war.

The new Poland is confronted with a tremendous social revolution. Because of the destruction of Warsaw, the entire population has become impoverished. Home-owners have lost their homes, businessmen their businesses, investors their incomes. Everyone must start again at the beginning. If Germany has her way, the new Poland will not be built along the lines of the former one. Poland's industrialization will be halted, and many industries now existing will be discontinued. It will be Poland's mission to become Germany's granary, and most of the Polish population will be employed to this end. Warsaw will be rebuilt but on a limited scale. The 'superfluous' population is to be settled in villages where agriculture is to be intensified along German lines. Obviously, many years may pass before this process is complete.

The Germanization of the Corridor presents many other problems. The repatriation of the Baltic Germans is one of the simpler ones. These people have always retained their cultural connections with Germany and have lived at economic levels comparable to those they would have enjoyed in Germany. The settlement

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of these people as farm-owners in the country, and as businessmen, industrialists, etc., in the cities, should be comparatively easy. But the repatriation of the 250,000 Germans from the newly acquired Russian territories of Galicia and Volhynia is a different matter. These Germans are accustomed to a standard of living almost below that of the average Polish peasant. Their methods of farming and cattle-raising are so primitive that the newly-conquered territory cannot be entrusted to them. During an extended period of transition, they will be raised to German standards of living, and instructed in modern agricultural methods. This cannot be effected without serious crises in the lives of the individuals. However, after this has been accomplished, Germany's production of foodstuffs will have a foundation which will make starvation of the Reich impossible.

*De Groene Amsterdammer*

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An American woman in Japan sees our statesmen as obstreperous boys

# Diplomats Are Infants

*By* DOROTHY G. WAYMAN

From *Contemporary Japan*, Tokyo Political and Economic Monthly

DIPLOMATS and Congressmen and members of Parliament are warned not to read this article. It will be bad for their blood pressure and self-esteem. But I am sick to death of the way diplomats and legislators have messed up foreign affairs. The more I study history and current events, the madder I get about the infantile system they have evolved.

I am using 'infantile' in the psychotherapic and maternal connotation, and I don't suppose a diplomat or duly elected representative could see the application. However, for the past twenty years I have had three boys and all their friends under my eyes in my home and I can see a distinct parallel between the internal affairs of small boys and the foreign affairs of countries as conducted by the gentlemen whose names make history and newspaper headlines.

Small boys are forever forming new cliques. This week they don't like Jimmy and first they whisper together about it. Then Jimmy becomes suspicious of their whisperings and his truculent inquiries lead to exchange of insults. Eventually war is declared between Jimmy and the gang, ending in volleys of stones or hand-to-hand conflict. But next week, Jimmy having proved stronger than supposed, he emerges as an influential member of the gang and it is Harry's turn to be the focus of hostility.

Again, small boys love mystery and secret societies. They are forever drafting out badly spelled and smudged constitutions and agreements characterized by lovely big words which they do not in the least comprehend. They retire to the playroom to compose these documents behind closed doors, and hide them transparently under their pillows. But in a month or two, the documents have become scraps of paper.

Boys are evidently like that naturally and perhaps adult male society is also like that inevitably.

It is too soon yet to have much

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data on women in diplomacy. I only know one lady ambassador, Ruth Bryan Owen, daughter of the American statesman William Jennings Bryan. She was appointed Minister to Denmark by President Roosevelt. Her brand of diplomacy was certainly original. I regard it as an inspiration in the field of foreign relations. She married the handsomest Dane in Denmark! What is more, she married a military Dane and he promptly gave up professional saber-rattling and betook himself to the peaceful pursuits of founding a home and making a living. The lady ambassador thus retired from circulation one unit of possible war between the United States and Denmark.

On the strength of a single example, I suppose I can hardly expect Japan and America to try out immediately the effect of exchanging lady ambassadors in Tokyo and Washington. And possibly accumulation of sufficient data and experience would demonstrate that women can be as infantile as men in foreign relations.

I HAVE been interested personally for some twenty years in the foreign relations between Japan and America specifically. I have a personal stake in the matter. I have lived in Japan for years enough to have a liking for the country and many friendships among the Japanese. I was born in America and live there and love my own country.

I have three American boys of my own of military age and personal acquaintance with a number of Japanese youths of the same age. I can't bear the idea that a lot of old men around a green table or whispering behind closed doors in marble buildings can set those American and Japanese boys to killing each other one day.

I have read (until my head aches) learned articles on the economic basis of American or Japanese actions. I can recite dates and trends and treaties and legislation as glibly as any historian. But I'm tired of history written in retrospect to make a logical interpretation of current events.

As long as the average American considers Japan a country of odd little people, surrounded by cherry blossoms, busy at producing silk stockings and canned crab at cut-throat prices to take the bread out of American mouths, there will be trouble. Just as long as Japanese people in the mass look on Americans as uncouth barbarians who sit gloating atop a pile of gold trying to starve Japan, there will be suspicion and hostility.

As a mere female, it seems to me that we Americans ought to repent of a fifteen-year old emotion and repeal the 1924 Exclusion Act. Now that our emotions have cooled down a bit, I think the large majority of Americans recognize in cold common sense that the few hundred Japanese who would be admitted annually to the United States under the immigration quota in force for other countries could not affect materially either our economic or national system.

If I were a lady Senator, I'd like to get up on the floor of the chamber in Washington and rise to remark that before we negotiated a new treaty with Japan, we purge our own conscience and put the Japanese in a friendly emotional state by removing an invidious and unnecessary barrier to mutual relations.

Likewise, if I were a Japanese

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Minister of power and perception, I would get an appropriation to hire Emily Post as instructor in foreign etiquette to the Japanese Army. It is time someone explained to the Japanese military that the surest way to make an American mad is to strip women down to a hip-girdle to search her, or to slap an American woman in the face.

If I were a Japanese Cabinet Minister, I would take the money wasted in 'inviting' American school teachers and Chambers of Commerce to Japan for a man-killing tour of Nikko, Miyanoshita, Kyoto and Nara, and I would use that same money to print schoolbooks. The books should have chapters in Japanese describing America adequately for the instruction of Japanese pupils, and chapters in English describing Japan for American pupils.

Twaddle about cherry blossoms and tea ceremony is not going to inspire an emotion of friendship in Americans for Japan. As an American who has lived in Japan, I love the cherry blossoms and I sense in the tea ceremony an expression of culture that is of the highest degree in refinement and serenity of character. But as an American I know very well that most of my countrymen never look at cherry blossoms and generally prefer coffee to tea.

The average American would rather read, and would read with a keener emotional reaction, pamphlets and books about the economic situation in Japan. Frank figures on Japan's financial resources for foreign trade, accurate statistics about how many tons of steel, bales of cotton, gallons of oil Japan could absorb from American producers would make a bigger hit as literature than poems about cherry blossoms.

IF I WERE the Japanese Home Minister, I would issue an order that all Customs Inspectors and Waterfront Police must be qualified as experts in foreign languages. Much of the unfavorable publicity about Japan starts from the hostile impression made on some foreigner at the dock on arrival in Japan.

On the other hand, if I were American ambassador to Japan I would set my secretaries to preparing a small leaflet of instructions for Americans visiting Japan on how not to wound the sensibilities of the Japanese. I would explain in the booklet about taking shoes off before entering houses or temples; about taking hats off in shrine precincts; about Japanese disgust for tourists who put their dirty shoes up on velvet cushions in trains.

My little books would explain to Americans that Japanese like to conduct passport examinations and business negotiations with interminable ceremony, punctuated by tea-drinking and food-serving. They would explain to Japanese that Americans like to get business over slap bang in a hurry.

I'm tired of hearing folks back home talk as if Japanese went without all the amenities of life in order to undersell the American workman, because after living in both countries I can see for myself that it is not the standards of the two that differ but the yardsticks. A yen today is quoted as worth 23 cents in American money; but on the other hand my American dollar in America buys no more for my own household than a yen buys

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in Japan. I'm fed up with having my Japanese friends charge me for commodities as a foreigner in Japan on the supposition that I am a millionaire, when the truth is my salary in America just barely stretches over the costs of living.

I want, too, to see Japanese and Americans come to a better general understanding of each other's system of government. The average American has still a hazy idea that the Japanese are primitive heathens who worship idols and think their Emperor is a living god. To an average American 'a living god' is translated roughly as saying that the Emperor means the same to a Japanese as Jesus Christ does to a Christian. Such a conception subconsciously outrages an American's prejudices.

Yet it is a false conception. I know that, although I find it hard to define in terms an American would understand. When I am in Japan I can feel, emotionally, intuitively, the symbolism with which the Japanese invest their conception of His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor. It seems just as natural to me, when I am in Japan, to see a business man in Marunouchi take off his hat and bow as he passes the gate to the Imperial Palace, as it seems natural in America to see a business man take off his hat when the American flag is carried past at the head of a procession.

On the other hand, when I am in Japan I have a lot of trouble trying to explain to the Japanese that Franklin D. Roosevelt is not all America. They tend to exalt his position as head of the American Government, and they fail to grasp that our democratic system gives us a new President every four years and that the next President may be the antithesis of Mr. Roosevelt in looks, beliefs and actions.

The Japanese make too much of our officials and administrations. We Americans make too little of Japanese authorities. The Japanese judge our institutions by their own tradition of continuity; we disparage theirs in the light of our tradition of change and flux.

We have been for nearly a century, ever since Commodore Perry sailed into Uraga in 1853, conducting our foreign affairs between Japan and America like two camps of small boys, whiffling in and out of friendly relations, drawing up elaborate papers and tearing them up again, hurling taunts at each other from behind our own fences. As a woman, and an American, and an acquaintance of Japan, I want to see more emotion and less diplomacy of the old school in our foreign relations. I don't know the right formula myself. But at least I can state the problem and invite my Japanese and American friends alike to consider it as a personal problem, affecting all of us, requiring an emotional reaction from each of us.

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# LETTERS AND THE ARTS

*By* CHARLES ANGOFF

THE plight of artists is coming in for serious attention in London, Paris, and other allied capitals. English journals are publishing numerous pleas not to let the concerns of the spirit wither away during a war ostensibly fought to make the world safe for the greatest possible freedom in all realms. The London *Spectator* points out that architects, musicians, dramatists, scientific research workers, painters, novelists, and poets had their earnings almost entirely stopped at the beginning of hostilities, with 'depressing and in some cases disastrous results. Literature will no doubt contrive to hold up its head, though it is likely that the best imaginative and critical work will be severely handicapped, and the book-selling trade is threatened with the loss of all its profits.'

The country, continues the *Spectator,* 'must not resign itself to a negative attitude to all that is not war,' or it will find itself 'losing many of the advantages which it is fighting to preserve.'

The Contemporary Art Society has made arrangements to exhibit the work of younger artists, and the National Gallery has provided facilities for concerts. The Government, however, could well take a hand in encouraging and even sponsoring many cultural activities, and a strong movement has been started to further that object. Londoners are saying that a people burdened with various kinds of war work and long hours should be able to find recreational outlets through pictures, plays and music.

R. A. Scott-James voiced a similar plea in a recent radio broadcast from London. He said the war fever had done much damage to literature a whole year before September last, 'but now that the war is on, it doesn't follow that the coming year—from the literary point of view—need be worse or even as bad. Much depends on whether we mean all we have said about democracy and about fighting for the freedom of the mind.'

To those who might say that war time is no time for escapism, he says that turning to literature 'is not a turning of one's back upon realities but, on the contrary, an enlargement of the field of reality, a widening of the interests, a sharpening of the sensibility and of the capacity for pleasure. . . . We have to keep a tight hold on literature, the arts, and all the amenities of life in these days, because they are the first among the things which the Nazis want to take from us.'

The Columbia Broadcasting System recently asked its representatives in England, France, and Germany to report upon precisely what the warring nations are doing in the way of aesthetics these days. Their findings make interesting reading.

Mr. Morrow, in London, points out that, while during the first weeks after September the radio offered only transcriptions from records and pipe organ music, it is now offering serious orchestral and solo music, 'comedy, descriptions of football games and dramatic programs,' though the most popular item still remains news. There are a few, but not many, Hitler jokes on the air. A few war songs, but it's pretty clear that the listeners do not want a lot of warlike programs. As for television, after two years of operation, it closed down completely on the outbreak of war. That would have been an ideal medium for this blackout time. But it would also have provided an ideal guide beam for German bombers to ride.

In the field of books, the fiction best-sellers, in England, seem to be Sir Hugh

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Walpole's *Sea Tower,* the American John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath,* Noel Coward's *Step Aside,* and P. G. Wodehouse's *Uncle Fred in the Springtime.* Strangely enough—and perhaps not so strangely—Tolstoi's *War and Peace* is finding many new readers. The Government's *Blue Book* is doing very well, while Hitler's *Mein Kampf* is losing customers, most of them, it would seem, to Herman Rauschning's *Revolution of Destruction in Germany* (retitled in America, *The Revolution of Nihilism*).

American publications are as popular as ever, but are often hard to secure. More poetry is being read these days, mostly anthologies by long-dead poets.

Mr. Morrow might have added, for the information of Americans, that the London theatre, on the whole, has been offering only light entertainment, Mr. Priestley's *Music at Night* and Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World* being the two major exceptions. As for the ballet, three performances were recently given, at the Lyric at Hammersmith, the Mercury, and Rudolf Steiner Hall. As for the films, *Professor Mamlock* seems to be doing good business at the Academy Cinema. John Coverdale, in *Time and Tide,* calls it the "best anti-Nazi propaganda film yet produced—and from Russia!' American Communazis, please note.

Eric Sevareid, in Paris, reports that war heroics are lacking in the bookstalls of France. The best seller at present is the British Blue Book, and *The Bengal Lancer* seems to be experiencing a revival. Forty film theatres and three of the fifty-eight legitimate theatres have reopened, and about a half dozen music halls. At a recent meeting of the French Institute, M. Delabrioux discussed at length what Plutarch and Aristotle thought of zoological matters. And M. Cognac discussed that regrettable incident in 1939 when the Academy of Sciences refused to consider photography anything but a toy.

Whether or not this revival of free intellectual intercourse and entertainment will continue once the bombs begin falling on London and Paris, no one can say, but it is plain that a more reasonable attitude than had obtained in August and September, 1914, is now prevalent in both England and France.

In Germany at the moment a similar situation exists. According to William Shirer, the best-selling novel there today is *Vom Winde Verweht*—or *Gone With the Wind.* Another good seller is *The Citadel,* by the Englishman, Dr. Cronin, and a third is the Norwegian novel *The World Sings Eternally*—all three by foreigners. The theatres are doing well with Shakespeare and Goethe, while Clark Gable is packing them in at the Marmorhaus with a picture called *Adventure in China.* At a concert of the Berlin Philharmonic, under Kurt von Wein, a composition by Cesar Franck, the French composer, was played.

LITERATURE in what was formerly Czecho-Slovakia, is far from dormant. In the Czech section of the recent International Novel Competition, two Czech novels were awarded prizes—*The Devil Speaks Spanish,* by Zdenek Nemecek, former chargé d'affaires for the defunct state in Republican Spain, and *The Greatest of the Pierrots,* by Frantisek Kozik, both published in Prague. They almost describe themselves. The first deals with contemporary Spain, in terms of a journal left by an artist killed in the civil war, and the second concerns the famous actor, Jean-Gaspard Debureau, who was born in Kolin, Bohemia, in 1792, and later achieved a huge success in Paris.

The creation of the new State of Slovakia, according to Milos Safranek, writing in the *New York Times,* has had an expected effect on book publishing there. Slovak books, which were formerly published almost wholly in Prague, are no longer to be seen. The Slovaks really differ very little from the Czechs. 'They are simply two branches of the same people,'

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says Mr. Safranek. Throughout the first half of the last century, Czech was the literary language of the Slovaks, and their great poet, Jan Kollar, wrote in Czech. Slovak is as close to Czech as the French of Picardy to the French of Touraine. Slovak did not become a living literary language till 1850, when it was almost forced upon the people in that province in order to separate them from the Czechs. Some Slovak patriots, among them Ludevit Stur, helped toward this end for entirely different reasons: that is, 'they wished to save the Slovak peoples from brutal Magyarization.' The Czechs respected this feeling, and hence respected the Slovak language. Solid ties continue to exist between the Slovaks and the Czechs, and they are effectively collaborating at home and abroad.

*Elan,* the organ of the younger Slovak writers, still appears in Prague, and it is moving to read their expressions of brotherly affection for their Czech colleagues.

American literature has always fascinated the Czecho-Slovak people. Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* has just been translated into Czech and published in Prague in two volumes, and the newspapers have been full of publicity about it—how it was written, the fate it suffered at the beginning from the critics, and so on. Other American books translated into Czech include Marjorie Rawlings *The Yearling* and Van Loon's *History of Art.* One Prague newspaper has just commemorated the 150th anniversary of the birth of James Fenimore Cooper, a favorite all over Europe.

WRITING in the *New York Times,* from London, Herbert W. Horwill reports that Sir Hugh Walpole recently said that 'very few women novelists have been able to draw men so that other men will acknowledge them as men.' He might have added that very few women novelists have been able to draw women either. They depict children and domestic situations very ably, as witness the writings of Sigrid Undset and Willa Cather, the two most gifted women writers now living, but the full personalities of members of their own sex they somehow miss. This applies even to Jane Austen. Becky Sharp, Madame Bovary, and Anna Karenina were all drawn by men. In America, however, there has been one major exception to Sir Hugh Walpole's observation, namely, Edith Wharton. In *Ethan Frome* she depicted a man in the throes of love with a fidelity to inner truth which she didn't surpass in her analysis of any woman character, including even *The Old Maid.*

## MID-AUTUMN

The world is a big buzzing dream!
Life is only several cool autumns long!
Along the portico the leaves are moaning in the wind tonight.
'Tis time to watch your eyebrows and temples!

When wine is cheap, congenial guests are few.
When the moon is bright, impeding clouds are many.
At Mid-Autumn with whom can I share the lonely light?
I gaze, cup in hand, wistfully into the North.

Su Shih in *T'ien Hsia,* Shanghai

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# SPEAKING OF BOOKS

FOR THOSE able to read between the lines and evaluate critically the most obvious and harmless-sounding statements, I most heartily commend George Seldes' latest opus, *The Catholic Crisis*. Though it lacks some of the objectivity of his other book on the Mother Church, *The Vatican*, this new effort, nevertheless, is marked by commendable restraint of the author's prejudices.

Mr. Seldes falls into the trap that has ensnared so many of his ideological compeers: the web of labels. Men and their organizations cease to be complex organisms, differing from geological specimens because of the fine nuances and individual shadings which are constantly in flux and become bloodless, immutable concepts. I can project Mr. Seldes (in spirit) back to the beginning of this century. There he sits among that then startling group of earnest young souls called the Liberal Intellectuals. They were a little confused and very unhappy over their own confusion. A tidal wave of rebellion swept their ranks and all labels were thrown overboard. The ship of categories was neatly scuttled. Those brave young souls, now arrived at middle-age or beyond, are still floating aimlessly about on a puny raft fashioned from the jetsam of their old hated ship of categories. Having been deceived into believing that getting rid of labels would solve all their problems, they now recognize the deceit and have gathered up those old labels to their bosoms. So now everyone is either a Fascist or a Communist, a Catholic or a Protestant, an Arab or a Jew, a sheep or a goat.

And with all their raillery at the Church for its herding of mankind into the good and the bad, the saved and the damned, they make precisely the same judgments—usually with Dorothy Thompson sitting in the judgment seat. When Dorothy Thompson fails him, Mr. Seldes falls back on the eminent Father Cox, of Pittsburgh, for his interpretation of Holy Writ. They and the rest of the 'sheep' are easily identified by Mr. Seldes. Unfortunately — or perhaps fortunately—the rest of us cannot tag them so unerringly. Then Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Cardinal Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster, the Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore, and others are lightly consigned to life among the 'goats.'

The burden of Mr. Seldes' book, as the title suggests, is that the Catholic Church, like the nations of the world and all human institutions, is in the throes of conflict from within born of political and economic dislocation. Of course, my information may be a little antique and I admit it is not taken from Vatican press releases, but I am under the vague impression that the finances of the Catholic hierarchy are not yet completely dissipated among warring factions, and I am further convinced that the Papal Court is far more interested in the preservation of the ancient Divine Authority of the Church than

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in the favor of temporal governments (so long as those governments are not antagonistic).

THE terms 'Crusader' and 'Reformer' have fallen upon evil days. But time was when they had no such connotation as we of this day ascribe to them. The reason for the decline and death of the honorable titles (like that of Kentucky Colonel, or a gentleman and a scholar) lies in the type of men who preëmpted those rôles and made of them lucrative businesses rather than selfless public services. With the growth of industrialization in America there arose a horde of demagogues to trade upon the ignorance or semi-education of masses of economically transformed dolts.

South of the Mason-Dixon line a fine culture was giving way to a new economy from the sixties through the nineties. And that period produced a long line of great men in the 'Old South.' I venture the opinion (conscious of snipers in the ambush of history) that few of his era will loom larger to posterity than Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, under his intellectual frater, Woodrow Wilson. And now we have a book about this crusading, reforming editor, the man best fitted to write it, Mr. Daniels himself. But it is inaccurate to say that *Tar Heel Editor* is about Mr. Daniels, because it is a fine piece of reporting of the times in which it has its being. The book is more than reporting, however. It is the best kind of confession story, an intimate, gossipy, uncolored, honest record of all that Mr. Daniels has picked up during his early life about his neighbors, friends, political associates and the social forces that engulfed them.

This is only the first of four volumes, and deals with Mr. Daniels' youth. When the great task this gentleman has set himself is completed, we should have an amazing history of North Carolina, perhaps the best documentary evidence on any state in the Union.

Mr. Daniels was a liberal, in a day when liberalism involved great risks. It was an extremely unpopular belief and brought down upon its professors all the cruel punishments that youthful culture could devise. Unscrupulous antagonists have never ceased trying to blacken the name and reputation of Mr. Daniels and those who fought shoulder to shoulder with him for better schools, better conditions for labor, against bigotry, drunkenness and political corruption. In the ranks of the leaders who fought this battle with Daniels were men like Woodrow Wilson, William Jennings Bryan, Thomas Nelson Page, Sidney Lanier. These and many others forgot their own advantage to bring to America those social reforms upon which F.D.R. has based his own crusading.

*Tar Heel Editor* is as American as chewing gum in both context and style. Those who fail to read it will have missed an important facet of what is really America.

ANOTHER volume, quite different from Mr. Daniels', *The Living Tradition*, by Simeon Strunsky, is yet a valuable addendum to it. Mr. Strunsky's book almost begins where Mr. Daniels' series will leave off.

*The Living Tradition*, though subtitled 'Change and America,' really attempts to show the continuity of the American Way, from the beginnings of this nation to today.

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This book is a happy, hopeful antidote to the religion of gloom and despair ladled out by both left wing radicals and right wing reactionaries in this era of contradictions and confusion. Its solid, authentic reasoning and flavor of normal people (rather than the usual neurotic and frustrated geniuses) made my Christmas season happier. LEON BRYCE BLOCH

MOMENT IN PEKING. *By Lin Yutang. New York: The John Day Company. 1939. 815 pages. $3.00.*

TO ANYONE familiar with the family life of China it will occasion no surprise to learn that the characters in Lin Yutang's absorbing novel, *Moment in Peking*, number more than forty; and that a prefatory page should be devoted to genealogical charts in which the family position of each character is clearly depicted. No story of the life of a Chinese can be told sincerely and completely without embracing the story of his family as well. This is not the simple family unit of husband and wife and children as in America, but a more complex entity consisting of parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, nephews, nieces and, in some instances, concubines and faithful old servants. A complicated but common-sense code of manners and morals regulates the conduct of each member of the family toward the others, mitigates, if it does not prevent, disputes, and out of it emerges a family unity which is the outstanding social fact about China.

What a treat is in store for those who for the first time learn about the intricate and interesting family life of China through the pages of this brilliant book! It is more revealing than half a lifetime in China itself. Taoist philosophers, Confucian scholars, concubines, slave girls, domineering grandmothers —people who have before been only names or mysterious and unbelievable characters come to life and march across the pages to take their predetermined places in the life of the family. The canvas is broad and the perspective deep, for the story covers the lives of several families of different social strata over a period falling within the lifetime of the author. Unlike other historical novels of serious importance, this was not written as a result of research into musty old records, but is about a period through which the author lives, scenes with which he is familiar and people he knew. It is at once a story of entrancing interest, a history of the period from the Boxer days to the present time and a complete compendium of social usages. A thousand years from now historians could accurately reconstruct the present-day civilization of China without recourse to any other authority than this book.

The central figure, the heroine of the story, is Mulin, the daughter of a wealthy Peking merchant who has turned the management of his business over to his brother-in-law and devotes himself to collecting art objects and studying Taoist philosophy. The Boxer outbreak in Peking drove the family in flight to Hangchow. On the way Mulin was lost, was kidnapped and held for ransom. The ransom was paid by a chance acquaintance of her father, a Confucian scholar and government official, whose son she later married. Shortly after her marriage the Republican Revolution of 1911 brought an end to the Manchu dynasty, with the consequent fall in the prestige of the family to which she now belonged. The Japanese invasion of 1937 brought another crisis in her life for her son, and his cousins volunteered for service in the Chinese army. Later the Japanese soldiers invaded her refuge in Hangchow, struck and insulted her, and she joined that great mass of millions of homeless refugees who trekked to the West to build their lives anew.

The China of the present in which Mulin is playing her part is still in a state of flux, but I feel sure that most readers of this book will agree with me that Japan will never be able to conquer a country composed of Mulin and her sisters and their multitudinous relatives.

—CARL CROW

NO COMPROMISE: THE CONFLICT BETWEEN TWO WORLDS. *By Melvin Rader. New York: The Macmillan Company.* 1939. 403 pages. $3.50.

AS THE title suggests, this work is basically a plea for united opposition of all those who still believe in the significance

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of reason in human affairs and in the desirability of a search for justice and social well-being against the Fascist régime. Yet it is not, as many a recent work with the same general purpose has been, simply a savage denunciation, nor yet is it an analysis in detail of the failure of those régimes to achieve certain ends which they profess in the economic sphere and in the solution of problems of class struggle. Dr. Rader does, indeed, touch on this failure. Yet his basic concern is to analyze the underlying philosophy of totalitarianism; to show its heritage, and to suggest the degree to which it is a false front, disguising a very ugly building. It may be at once surprising and perturbing to the average reader to discover how considerable a history the current anti-intellectualist philosophy possesses, and to learn how distinguished are the names that have given aid and comfort to its making—particularly, one might add, the German names.

But, this apart, what is especially impressive is Dr. Rader's demonstration of the degree to which an appeal for idealism against the somewhat narrow materialism now so widely prevalent has itself been a technique to persuade men, not simply that they cannot live by bread alone, but that they should endeavor to live without it for the sake of the power of disembodied abstractions, such as state and race, themselves mere stalking horses for maniacs in the seats of the mighty. Finally, and most important, chapter three of this book, entitled 'Valuations: Sentimental or Scientific?' is the most thoroughgoing and patiently reasoned demonstration of the errors in anti-rationalist ethical relativism that the present reviewer has encountered. Numerous essays have, indeed, been addressed to this theme. But they have all too often assumed what was to be proved, and, secure in the conviction that rationalism was in need chiefly of propaganda, have failed to expound the true bases on which it can legitimately rest. In particular, to show that rationalism and universalism in ethics are not unconnected is especially valuable, not only as an indictment of Fascist ideology, but as a warning against that subtle crypto-Fascism that is the chief danger we ourselves confront, a danger made the more insidious because it has the apparent sanction of great names known to be in the forefront of the fight against unreason.

—Thomas I. Cook

Europe: Versailles to Warsaw. *By Ronald Stuart Kain. The H. W. Wilson Company.* This compact volume seeks to bridge the years between the two wars in Europe by providing the reader with the texts of all the pertinent treaties, with excerpts from newspaper and magazine articles, the bulletins of various official and unofficial organizations devoted to study of foreign affairs, and other material chiefly of a factual nature. The documents are connected by much over-simplified paragraphs by its editor-compiler, Ronald Stuart Kain. Unfortunately, these transitional passages do not make the work more readable for the layman, and for the professional historian and the student the work is too tabloid in arrangement for use. Has a valuable and well arranged bibliography, although limited to English-language publications; incidentally, the eye of this reviewer noted the preponderance there of *Living Age* citations.

Journal As Ambassador to Great Britain. *By Charles G. Dawes. The Macmillan Company.* General Dawes publishes the daily journal he kept between May 1929, when President Hoover nominated him Ambassador to Great Britain, and February 1932, when he resigned to become head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Here are collected the envoy's experiences at the London Naval Conference in 1930, in the League of Nations' crisis over the Manchurian grab (in which 'Hell 'n Maria' could not persuade the MacDonald government to back up Secretary of State Stimson); his opinion of such people as André Tardieu ('my old friend of war days'), the Prince of Wales, whose 'charm and manner of friendliness' impressed the General, Lady Astor and 'her genius,' and Ramsay MacDonald, of whom it appears the American Ambassador was genuinely fond. Only rarely anecdotal, the author discloses a forthright grasp of the realities of his mission in London.

Reconquest of Mexico. *By Nathaniel and Sylvia Weyl. Oxford University Press.* This is a definite social analysis rather than a travelogue. It is refreshingly different from the usual run of recent books on Mexico—meaty with facts based on recorded happenings with ample references to sources. Particular light is shed on the recent oil controversies and their effect on U. S. interests.

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THE SOUTH TO POSTERITY. *By Douglas Southall Freeman. Charles Scribner's Sons.* Some excellent source material for students of the War Between the States and the period of reconstruction. The author gives much needed explanations of the discrepancies so apparent in previous presentations by drawing on a wide variety of writers of the period. There are suggested avenues of approach to many problems of the 1860's that have never before been adequately explained. The book contains a really fine bibliography of contemporary sources, many of which are magazines still being published.

MODERN POLITICAL DOCTRINES. *Edited by Alfred Zimmern. Oxford University Press.* This is a book of selections from the works of leading philosophers, statesmen, and philosopher-statesmen of modern times. It is divided into four parts. The first, on government, reveals pungently the issue between the rule of law and arbitrariness as it has shown itself from Burke to Hitler. The quotations make clear in themselves that the underlying problem here is not simply democracy versus dictatorship, and that democracy may be espoused by those who are not believers in the rule of law; though, lacking that belief, their régime is apt to commit suicide. The second part, on the economic problem, not only reveals the issues between classic economic liberalism and the socialists' concept in its reformist aspect, but shows also the deeper gulf between those who, taking the Marxist viewpoint, desire a completely new order of society, and constitutionalists of all sorts, socialist or capitalist. The third section reveals the growth of national aspiration from Herder on. Finally, selections from post-war commentators illumine the frustrated search for the rule of law in the international sphere.

ALL THE TOMORROWS. *By Naomi Lane Babson, Reynal & Hitchcock.* Out of the author's many years' residence in the Far East, her affection for the Chinese people, her indignation at the falling of Japanese bombs in China's swarming cities, grew this big episodic novel. It opens on the China of the 1860's, when the feet of well-born women were painfully bound and stunted, and their lives impounded behind walls of inflexible tradition. It is in her evocation of the psychological conflicts deriving from the slow death of ancient convention, the impact of Christian and Marxian ideals on a disorganized inhibited people, that Miss Babson achieves best results.

LOST LIBERTY? *By Joan and Jonathan Griffin. Oxford University Press.* The prologue of this work is a plea for the democracies to become genuinely democratic and to fight Fascism. The body of the work is an extraordinary indictment of the betrayal of Czecho-Slovakia. It argues not simply that Hitler was, as usual, perfidious, but that England, in particular, conspired with him deliberately to betray Czecho-Slovakia, and gently bribed France, who, on the whole, needed little urging to assist in that dastardly undertaking.

# BOOKS ABROAD

## PROLOGUE TO DRAMA

UNDECLARED WAR. *By Elizabeth Wiskemann. London: Constable. 1939*

(Wickham Steed in the *Spectator*, London)

IF TRAGEDY is the conflict between right and right, this war is no tragedy, for it is a conflict between right and wrong. Should any be tempted to think since war began that the foes of Hitlerism have overstated both their own rightness and the wickedness of the Nazi system, they will do well to read Miss Wiskemann's admirable study of the undeclared war which Nazi Germany was waging before war was declared. Her whole book was written by the end of July. Very wisely she has not attempted to bring it up to date. Thus it stands as a document, a record uninfluenced by the war itself. There is no better proof of her painstaking accuracy, or of the insight which it served, than the fact that her conclusions can be read in the light of war as though they had been reached since last September.

Her earlier work, *Czechs and Germans,* was and is the best exposition in English of the Bohemian problem that was mishandled in September, 1938, and fatally misjudged at Munich. Her *Undeclared War* deals more summarily with Hungary, Rumania, the Southern Slavs, the Poles, Ukrainians and Balts, as well as with Scandinavia and Switzerland. Here and there some detail

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may need amplification, some adjective a little toning down. But, on the whole and as a whole, this book merits only praise. By publishing it unchanged Miss Wiskemann has rendered a service to all who may need, as the war goes on, a reminder of how things stood before it began. She has set up a 'point of coördination.'

More than one passage has now acquired rare irony. The forced migration of the Baltic Germans into the Third Reich, which intends to settle them in partitioned Poland and elsewhere, has added a pungent footnote to her description of Nazi influence among these people. She writes:

'In districts adjacent to Germany, like Danzig and Memel, the Nazis were helped first by their good fortune and skill in abolishing unemployment, the news of which made a good impression; and, secondly, by the intimidation they were able to practice. In districts farther away from the Reich, in Esthonia, or in Latvia, where some 60,000 Germans lived mostly in Riga, the Germans did not hear so much of the disagreeable discipline imposed in the Reich, but were readier to accept romantic accounts of how splendid everything had become, and particularly enjoyed the idea that they themselves constituted, not a dissident minority in a tiny State, but the advance posts of a mighty Empire, and that, as such, they had a claim to hitherto unformulated privilege.'

We may well wonder what these people are thinking today. Are they still beglamoured or have they found Hitler out—as some of our own Ministers tardily found him out? Nowhere does Miss Wiskemann speak more truly than in those pages of her 'Conclusion,' in which she analyzes the Nazi technique. In the pre-Munich days, she says, those who doubted Henlein's words, and pointed to the chauvinism of the Sudeten Germans, were ignored, because it was believed that the Henleinists could never be guilty even of the chauvinism of the Czechs since they complained of it so loudly. Today 'conditions in the Sudeten German districts and in Bohemia and Moravia show a ruthless oppression of the Czechs, with which the pre-Munich lives of the Sudeten Germans compare so favorably that there is no comparison. This throws light upon Nazi technique, or at least upon two of its principles. The first of these is, "Always denounce others for things you would not hesitate to do yourself; abuse your enemy as oppressive, although you oppress ten times more grimly when you can." Why? "Because people are deceived into believing that you could not have the effrontery to do the things you yourself have so bitterly denounced."'

I hope that Lord Runciman, and some others, will have the courage to read this book.

## Anathema on Critics

REVIEWING. *By Virginia Woolf. London: Hogarth Press. 1939*

(Y. Y. in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

MANY hard things have been said about reviewers—they have been compared to lice and all sorts of unpleasant creatures—but Virginia Woolf's verdict on them, in her new Hogarth Pamphlet, *Reviewing,* if less insulting, is surely the most contemptuous yet uttered: she tells them that they have ceased to be of any use in the world and that for various reasons it would be a great deal better if they were abolished. They are salt that has lost its savor; the caudal appendix of literature; weedy descendants of a tribe which the civilization of today, such as it is, is gradually squeezing out of existence.

Mrs. Woolf's essay, like all her work, is beautifully written, and reviewers could not ask to be dismissed to their doom in more graceful English. At the same time, her pessimism seems to me to be the result of a misunderstanding. She has overlooked the fact that, whatever people talk about, they also want to read and write about, whether it is books, birds, politics or the cinema. So long as hundreds of thousands of people are interested in books, they will talk and read about books.

The fact is, books to a large part of the public are news. They are news in much the same way in which Stock Exchange prices are news. And there is this also in common between the literary page and the financial page in the newspapers—that it is the purpose of each to provide the reader, not only with news, but with advice. It is the function of the reviewer to be at once a reporter and a guide. If he is lucky enough to come upon a work of genius—say a new book by Mr. de la Mare—he writes as a critic judging by

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'eternal standards,' crying 'Eureka!' over his discovery of gold and giving reasons for the faith that is in him. Unfortunately, however, most books are not works of genius; and the reviewer has to measure them by a different standard. This is not difficult, and ought not to put a strain on his conscience. He realizes that there are two kinds of literature—permanent literature and temporary literature and that the best of temporary literature is both admirable and enjoyable in its own generation. And most of his energy will necessarily be devoted to discovering what in temporary literature is most admirable and enjoyable.

In doing this he has to think not only of himself but of the public. He must ask himself not only 'Do I like this book?' but 'Is it a good book of its kind—a book that will entertain the public for whom it is intended?'

But, protests Mrs. Woolf, there are so many reviewers nowadays with so many different opinions that, as guides to a choice of reading, they are merely bewildering and therefore useless. 'The reader asks the reviewer to tell him whether the poem is good or bad in order that he may decide whether to buy it or not. Sixty reviewers at once assure him that it is a masterpiece—and worthless. The clash of completely contradictory opinions cancel each other out.' But surely this clash of opinion is no new phenomenon. Johnson and Horace Walpole differed about the genius of Gray. Leigh Hunt and De Quincey held opposite opinions about the poetry of Keats. How much better this is than it would be to have all the critics repeating the judgments of the latest orthodoxy—echoes of the mass-mind of a coterie! And, in point of fact, the reader who looks for guidance to the reviewer does not read sixty reviews. As a rule, he has confidence in the taste of this or that reviewer because he has found by experience that it usually accords with his own, and he ceases to set any store by the opinions of a reviewer who by his recommendations, he feels, has again and again 'let him down.'

Mrs. Woolf, however, attributes the decline and fall of reviewing, not only to the number of mutually contradictory reviewers, but to the fact that reviews have become 'shorter and quicker.' As regards the speed at which the modern reviewer has to work, I doubt whether that greatly hampers judgment. Reviewing was always good, bad, and indifferent. It remains good, bad, and indifferent today.

Mrs. Woolf, I see, raises the question of the value of the reviewer's office, not only to the reader but to the author. It seems to me that a reviewer's work may be of some accidental service to an author; but the reviewer does not write for the purpose of influencing authors any more than a sports writer writes for the purpose of improving the style of batsmen and bowlers. He has only one duty to authors—to be fair to them, to remember that they are human, and not to indulge too freely in the sadistic pleasure of flaying them alive.

Incidentally, of course, the good reviewer performs as great a service to the author as to the reader. In an age of publicity, he gives him publicity. He is the go-between between the public and literature, even if most of this is only temporary literature. In the present age of universal education, he is probably more necessary than ever before. I hold that the reviewer's is a reputable, essential, and vital craft—with a future. Mrs. Woolf has written the most charming of epitaphs on him—but it is an epitaph on a cenotaph. There is no corpse there—yet; and I fancy that the corpse will still be missing in the year 2039.

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## THE GUIDE POST

*(Continued)*

country as he is in England. The European *Who's Who* describes him as 'a poet, historian, novelist, essayist, journalist, traveler, politician and Roman Catholic apologist.' [p. 442]

LUCY CORES, who wrote the profile 'Madame Minister' [p. 449] is an Associate Editor of *The Living Age.*

KURT GROSSMANN, author of our sketch on Walther von Brauchitsch, Germany's Number One Army leader [p. 448]), is a German writer now living in this country. As secretary general of the German League for the Rights of Man, which fought against anti-democratic forces during the Weimar régime, he became so hated by the Nazis that he had to flee Germany when they came to power in 1933.

P. GONZALEZ ALBERDI, author of 'Pan-America Faces World War Problems,' is a writer on sociological, economic and political problems. He is a frequent contributor to South American magazines. [p. 467]

WALTER C. FRAME is a San Francisco lawyer who claims that he wrote 'California Faces Totalitarianism' [p. 477] just for fun, so to speak, while in a confessional mood, and to blow off steam. We can only hope that the future will disprove the dire predictions he makes.

DOROTHY G. WAYMAN spent the summer of 1939 carrying out research in Japan. In her article, 'American Lady in Japan.' [p. 486] she has recorded some of her political thinking about American-Japanese relations. She is now working as a newspaper correspondent for the *Boston Globe.*

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# MEMO:

**February 1940**

THE WORLD OVER: 1939, THE LIVING AGE annual chronology and commentary, is coming out this month - - - - -

It's the only book I know of that can give me an account of any given event in 1939 on any given day in any given country. I certainly must get it.

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## 25th Anniversary Issue

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